

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 830

OCT. 24, 1885

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



\*STRAND\*

190

\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 830.—VOL. XXXII.  
Registered as a Newspaper

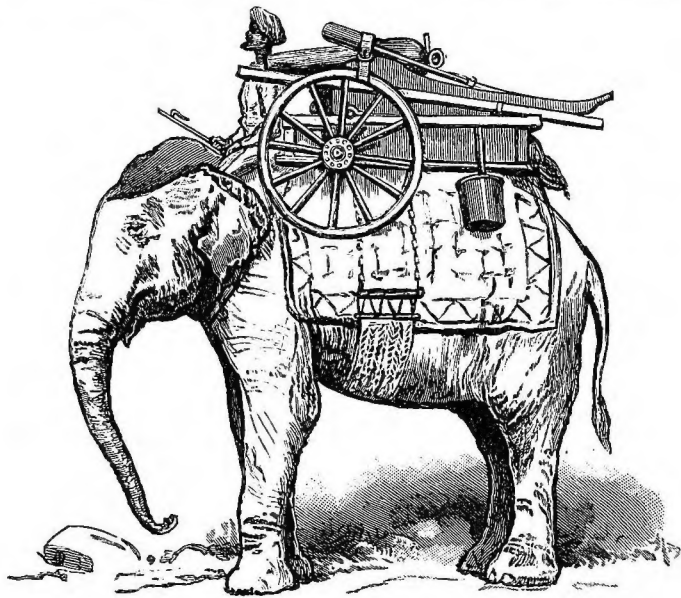
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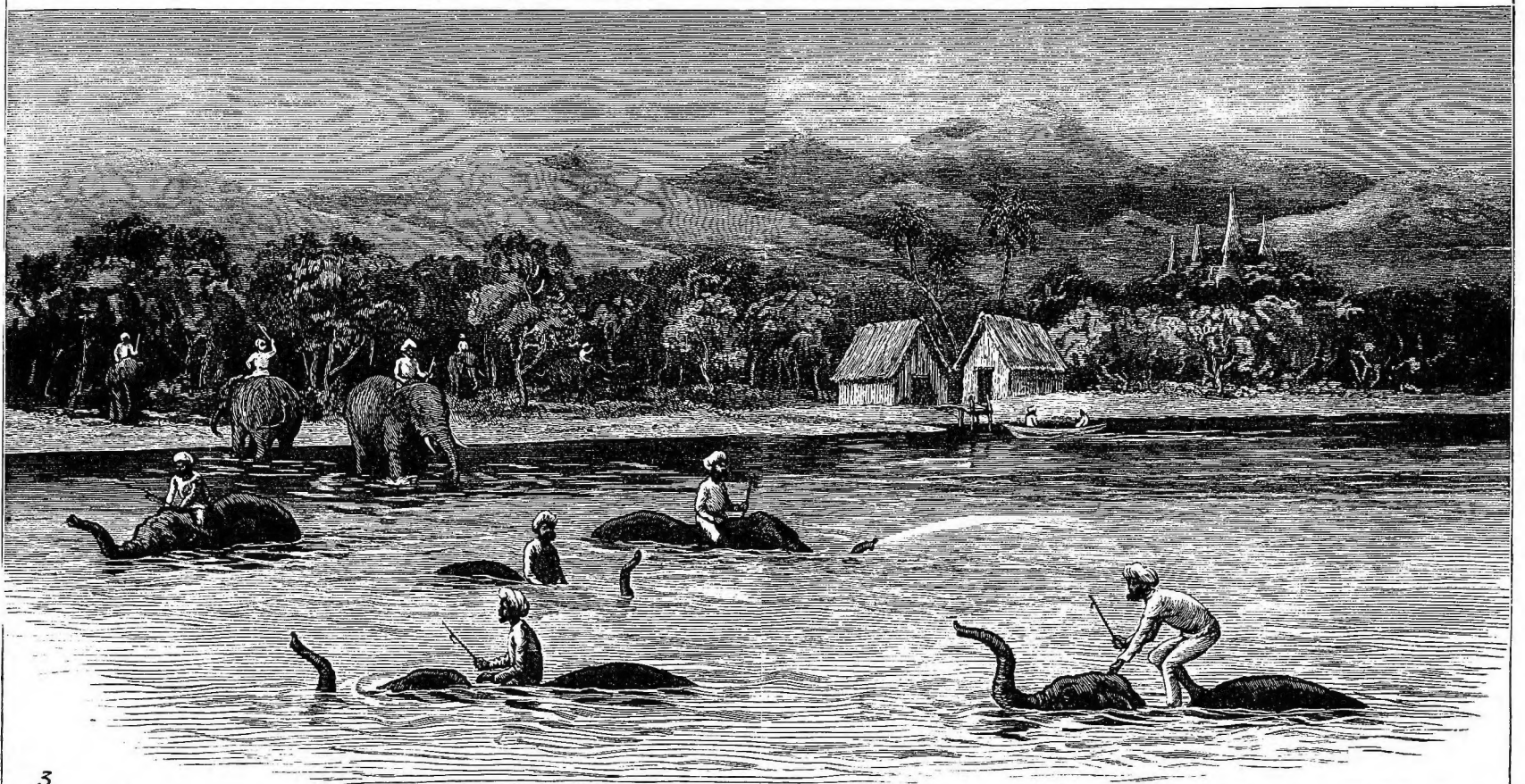
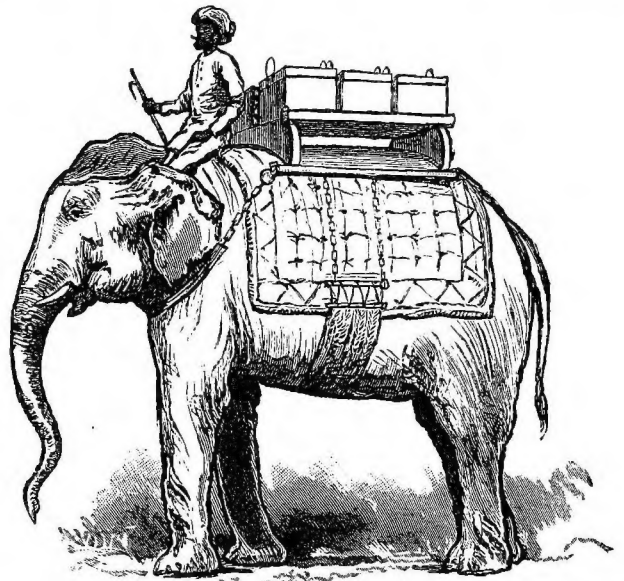
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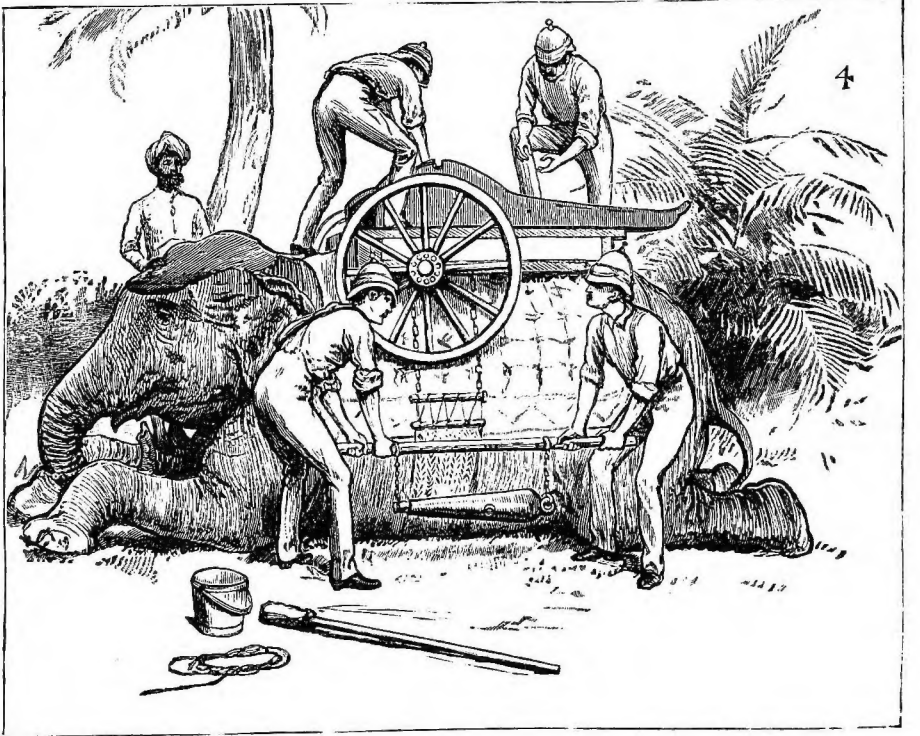
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1. Gun Elephant

2. Ammunition Elephant

3. Swimming Drill

4. Mounting a Gun

5. Marching Order

THE CRISIS IN BURMA—AN ELEPHANT BATTERY AT TONGO, EASTERN INDIA



## Topics of the Week

**EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY AND EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE.**—One of the most striking facts in connection with the present electoral campaign is that hardly anybody seems to take much interest in the kind of questions which were prominently before the constituencies in 1880. Then every politician thought it his duty to devote the best part of his speeches to an exposition of what he conceived to be the true principles of foreign policy. Now foreign policy is treated as a matter of subordinate importance. The Conservatives have, of course, something to say about the blunders committed by the late Government in Egypt; and Liberal orators jeer occasionally at the breakdown of the Treaty of Berlin. But as a rule it is to domestic subjects that the members of both parties are most eager to direct attention. This fact has led some sanguine persons to fancy that in future we shall be very little troubled by foreign complications. Unfortunately, it does not altogether depend on ourselves whether this anticipation shall be realised. A nation which possesses the greatest Empire in the world may at any moment be compelled by the action of other countries to defend its interests from direct or indirect aggression. There can, however, be no doubt that in the mean time the predominant desire of the English people is to hold as far aloof as possible from international difficulties, and to devote their energy chiefly to the management of their own home affairs. And of all the domestic questions brought before them, those which excite the deepest interest and enthusiasm are undoubtedly social questions. Political authorities differ as to the remedies for our social maladies; but that the maladies exist, and that remedies of some kind must be provided, all politicians agree. We may expect, therefore, that the new Parliament, whether the majority be Tory or Radical, will be distinguished from its predecessors mainly by its zeal for the improvement of the condition of the humbler classes of the community.

**LADY DOCTORS FOR INDIA.**—The people of England owe a great responsibility to the people of India. By the successive annexations and conquests of the last hundred years, the former have made themselves, unasked, the guardians of the latter, and cannot therefore escape the obligations implied by such guardianship. Much conscientious work of this kind has already been done, and it may be confidently asserted that the natives of India are at the present time better off (though possibly not better contented) than they have been at any period since the Mogul invasion. But it is very difficult to reach with our European reforms a body of persons who constitute half the population of India, that is to say, the women. To say nothing of other religious and caste observances, the custom of polygamy alone tends to hide them behind a wall of mystery. Hitherto British authority has conferred on the women of India only one important benefit, namely, the abolition of Suttee. And even that reform has produced less practical advantage than might be supposed, for though Hindoo widows can no longer be burnt on their husbands' funeral pile, the feeling still prevails that they ought not to survive him, and so they drag out a discredited and miserable existence. Again, if a native woman in India is ill, she cannot, at all events among the Mahomedans and the higher caste Hindus, call in a doctor, and therefore she is left to the tender mercies of a set of low-class women, whose ignorance and behaviour make them a sort of Indian version of the celebrated Sairey Gamp. The scheme which has been set forth by Lady Dufferin, and which was explained at the Mansion House meeting last Tuesday, proposes to remedy this evil by sending to India a number of properly-qualified medical women, who would both attend the sick, and also aid in the instruction of native female medical students. The idea is worthy of all encouragement. Money will at first be needed to set it going, but there can be little doubt that in time the profession of a properly-qualified doctress in India (whether European or native) will become sufficiently lucrative to attract numerous candidates.

**DEMOCRATIC TORYISM.**—Many Tories on reading Lord Randolph Churchill's speech at King's Lynn, must have heartily wished that he, instead of Sir Drummond Wolff, had been sent on a diplomatic tour to the East. On this occasion the *enfant terrible* of the Conservative party aired his Democratic views on the burning questions of free education and the creation of peasant proprietorships. Beginning with a vehement denunciation of the Birmingham proposals on these subjects, he ended by adopting them in principle, only differing in matters of detail. He is prepared to go so far as to reduce all school fees to one penny per child a week, the loss to be made good, as in the Chamberlain scheme, out of the Treasury. Similarly, although he scouted the Radical plan for the creation of small holdings at the expense of the State by compulsory purchase, he is willing to proceed so far in this direction as to do precisely the same thing under Parliamentary control. Of these rival schemes, we are bound to say we prefer the Radical to the Democratic-Tory. The former is more thorough, comprehensive, straightforward, and—the word presents itself—honest. Both are eminently

Socialistic; both would make the State the largest land-owner in the kingdom; both would inevitably give rise to gigantic jobbery and not a little confiscation. But if the nation is really inclined for "reforms" of that sort, it had certainly better entrust their execution to those who believe in their efficacy rather than to those who merely pretend to believe in the hope of catching votes. Chamberlainism is not much to our taste, even in its unadulterated form, but as cooked by Lord Randolph Churchill it is altogether objectionable. It is a curious coincidence that each of the great political parties should have a prominent and entirely irrepressible member, to whom the majority of its members would like to apply the *clôture*. Among dishonest publicans there is an instrument called "the rouser," which they use to stir up the molasses and other ingredients employed in adulterating beer. Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain are the political "rousers" of the present time, and very pernicious is the stuff which they stir up—plenty of froth and plenty of promise, but miserably lacking in strength and wholesomeness.

**TURKEY AND THE NATIONALITIES.**—In one sense the Porte may be said to have derived considerable benefit from the movement for the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. No one, indeed, has a word to say for its method of government. In all the countries which remain directly subject to its rule there are still many abuses, and it seems to be wholly incapable of adopting a real and lasting policy of reform. To all observers, however, it has become obvious that the sudden abolition of the Ottoman Empire would lead to disastrous results. Admirers of the nationalities of South-Eastern Europe used to describe them as peoples who had but one political aim—that of establishing a great Federal State, all the members of which would enjoy equal rights. This view has not been confirmed by recent events. No sooner had Prince Alexander proclaimed himself the head of a United Bulgaria than Serbia and Greece were thrown into a state of violent commotion. Both began to arm, and it is not yet quite certain that Europe will be able to prevent them from plunging into war. The truth is that all these little States regard one another with bitter jealousy. Each of them is of opinion that it has a right to claim supremacy over its neighbours, and a fierce struggle for the foremost place would be the inevitable consequence of the collapse of the Porte. This has been rendered so clear that even Mr. Gladstone now talks with extreme caution about his pet nationalities, and his example is followed by all his most important followers. If the countries which have been wholly or in part emancipated from Turkish tyranny desire to obtain English sympathy, they must try to become rather less selfish. It is difficult to be enthusiastic about States which are always ready to snatch at an advantage, no matter at what cost to the peace and prosperity of their rivals.

**CODES AND TELEGRAMS.**—Telegraphic codes have long been in vogue in mercantile and speculative circles, for reasons both of economy and secrecy. The custom seems likely to spread into private life, now that the apparent boon of the sixpenny telegram is weighted with the drawback of costly addresses. Several codes displaying more or less ingenuity have already been published, and if people of "wiry" tendencies can persuade their friends to agree in the use of one particular set of signals, the addresses of sender and sendee will soon become the most expensive part of the modern telegram. Gradually some one code will be found more convenient and explicit than any other, and will displace its rivals, except where secrecy is an object. Post officials will not be sorry when the code system becomes general. They are harder worked than ever (the messages have increased some sixty per cent.), and they are exposed to a good deal of grumbling on the part of the public, because the messages are almost always something over the regulation sixpence. But surely they ought to get some extra pay for all this extra work. As it is, they cannot feel very friendly towards changes which may conduce to the convenience of the public, but which increase their labours without any compensation. Personally, Lord John Manners is a kindly soul. Perhaps he will look into this.

**BURMA'S FUTURE.**—By common consent, most speakers and writers who deal with the Burmese Question recognise that a considerable change will have to be made in our relations with the remnant of the once great kingdom of Ava. Public opinion has not yet settled down to a decision as to whether a Protectorate would not serve our purpose as well as annexation; while, should King Theebaw make the required *amende*, he may possibly be allowed to continue on the throne, with a British Resident by his side. All this still remains in the misty region of the uncertain. But there are some matters on which the mind of England has come to final judgment. Our trade must, for one thing, have a right of way through Upper Burma, free from any sort of restriction. We are bound to open up fresh markets as the only way of making up for the loss of old customers in Europe; and, if a splendid one exists in the interior of China, as travellers say, the road thither must be brought under our control. In the same way, it has become a necessity of our position in the East to have the foreign relations of Upper Burma in our keeping. The abortive intrigue carried on lately by the French Consul at Mandalay was most fortunate in one respect.

It brought before the minds of all thoughtful politicians the vast change in the situation which has been wrought by the French conquests in Tonquin. A few years ago, the idea of the French undermining British influence would have seemed almost as laughable as that the Viceroy of India should intrigue at Tunis, or the Khédive at Kamtschatka. Now, however, there are few who do not perceive the possibility of that danger occurring; and, to guard against it, we must make plain to all the world that we will not permit any meddling with Burmese politics. So far, the national decision has concrete form; the rest mainly depends upon the manner in which the King receives Lord Dufferin's ultimatum. The Burmese Envoy at Paris seems to believe that Theebaw will submit; but the latest news from Rangoon does not give much support to his view. In any case, we know what we want, and are determined to get it, even by annexation should less drastic means fail.

**ENGLAND AND THE COLONIES.**—In his recent speeches Lord Rosebery has spoken often and eloquently about the relations of this country to its colonies, and with much of what he has said almost all Englishmen agree. Not very long ago the prevalent feeling in England was that the colonies were a burden rather than an advantage; and influential politicians looked forward without misgiving to the time when they would become independent States. Now everybody admits that this was a mistaken view. The general opinion to-day is that we have always derived great benefits from our colonies, and that the maintenance of the connection between them and the mother country is absolutely necessary to our prosperity. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether the movement for Imperial federation is making much way. It has excited little sympathy in Australia and Canada; and the more closely the proposal is examined, the more clearly it is seen to be attended by formidable difficulties. Colonial representatives could not be admitted into the Imperial Parliament, partly because the Colonies would not consent to be taxed by a body sitting in London, and partly because English domestic questions cannot be adequately dealt with by men whose home is beyond the seas. As for the suggestion that there might be an Imperial Council, it is open to the objection that such a Council would be tempted to interfere far too much in the affairs of the individual Colonies. There are also other objections, some of which were urged with great force by Sir Charles Dilke in the excellent speech he delivered the other day at Queen's Park. On the whole it seems probable that for some time we must content ourselves with the existing system. If there is to be a change, it must come gradually; and, whatever may be its character, it must be due mainly to the initiative of our colonial kinsfolk.

**MAD DOGS.**—There has lately been a remarkable number of cases of *rabies* among dogs and of hydrophobia among human beings. No remedy has hitherto been discovered for this latter malady, which not only invariably kills, but kills by an especially painful and horrible death. All the more reason therefore for the adoption of strict preventive measures. The disease is apparently first developed in wandering masterless dogs, which either bite human beings direct, or bite other dogs, which then exhibit symptoms of *rabies*. The dog-tax is very negligently collected. Lots of people shirk it altogether, and these are just the sort of careless unfeeling folks who turn a dog adrift, regardless of consequences. A correspondent suggests, and the idea if practicable is a good one, that all dogs should wear a collar, and that a certificate from the dog-tax collector should be affixed to this collar. The chief reason why the dog-tax is so easily evaded is that it is payable at post-offices, where the officials are already overwhelmed with other business. Let the Government appoint special collectors, with a liberal commission. They would get a larger revenue, and stray dogs would diminish wonderfully. By the way, the law about vicious dogs seems very feeble and unsatisfactory. A woman complained to Mr. Paget, the Wandsworth magistrate, about a dog which had flown at her little boy and had also bitten herself. Could she not have the dog destroyed? No, was the magisterial answer, but she could bring an action against the owner. This is cold comfort. A good deal more summary justice, after the Oriental fashion, is much needed in this lawyer-ridden country.

**THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.**—Like the Volunteer movement, the Primrose League has justified its existence by surviving a prolonged tempest of ridicule and laughter. There must be real vitality when this happens, and, with vitality, all things are possible. Judging from the interesting account of the League which was given by Sir Algernon Borthwick at the Albert Palace demonstration, it promises to develop into a real political force. More than a thousand lodges—"Habitations" is the correct word—a muster-roll of 40,000 members, and recruits coming in at the rate of 3,000 per week, make a splendid record of accomplished results for an organisation only two years old. No doubt, the titular distinctions of the order have a ridiculous look. But, what then? Intrinsically, these are not more absurd than those of the Freemasons or of the Ancient Buffaloes, or of several other similar societies, whose robustness and usefulness are equally unquestionable. At all events, the rapid manner in which the League has gained ground proves that there are a great many ladies whose politics are sufficiently ardent to stand



the crucial test of ridicule. Not, either, the hardened veterans of the "Shrieking Sisterhood," but dames and damsels of fashion who would be regarded by those unpromising feminine reformers as the veriest fribbles. Many of them work with a will at electioneering drudgery of one sort or another, and they are as anxious to catch converts as if they were missionaries in a Pagan land. It is a gracious and graceful thing on the part of our working-class politicians that, whenever a bevy of fair Leaguers accompany a candidate to a meeting in some rough quarter, the amenities usual on such occasions are omitted. Chairs remain unbroken, strong language is only uttered below the breath, and never has a platform been stormed. If for no other reason than this, therefore, the Dames and Knights, the Grand Councillors and Associates, are entitled to favourable consideration. The originator of the movement was evidently in a happy vein when his inner consciousness evolved the idea of identifying Lord Beaconsfield's "favourite flower" with a League of ladies pledged to promote the Conservative cause.

**FRENCH RADICALS.**—The final result of the French elections has proved that for the present the Republic is not in the slightest danger. The Opportunists have been routed, but the Radicals are more powerful than ever, and it may be assumed that an essentially Radical Ministry will soon be in office. Whatever mistakes the Radicals may commit, they will be of a wholly different kind from those committed by the Ferry Cabinet. M. Clemenceau and his friends always protested against the expeditions to Tonkin and Madagascar. They insisted that the real business of France in her present circumstances is not to found colonies but to organise her resources at home; and now they can claim that in urging this view they represented the opinion of the French people. It remains to be seen whether they will be as prudent in domestic legislation as they have shown themselves to be in their ideas about foreign policy. On this point French Moderate Liberals, of course, express grave doubts; but the Radicals cannot fail to appreciate the obvious fact that they might provoke a formidable reaction by extreme measures. One advantage they have over the Opportunists, and that is, that there can be no mistake as to the main lines of their policy. It was impossible to say how far the Opportunists might or might not go in their desire to win popular applause. The Radicals, on the contrary, have definite principles; and friends and enemies alike will know the kind of proposals they may be expected to support.

**SOME MINOR RAILWAY GRIEVANCES.**—An intending passenger, bound on a journey of some length, opens the door of a first-class carriage and finds the seats completely bestrewn with bags, coats, and hat-boxes, while one of a couple of gentlemen lolling in the corners informs him with supercilious politeness that "all these seats are engaged." If the intending passenger disregards this admonition, and insists on entering the carriage, he practically calls the speaker a liar (which he usually is), and ensures for himself a disagreeable journey. So most frequently he sneaks off, and finds a seat elsewhere. Sometimes, however, these selfish creatures, who want to get a whole compartment to themselves for the price of two or three seats, adopt stronger precautions. By dint of using silvery arguments with the guard, he locks them in; and who so bold, even if the possessor of a railway key, as to unlock the door? Because the place-seeking passenger cannot be sure that the compartment is not legally pre-engaged. We don't see an easy way out of this grievance so long as there are "tippable" railway officials and selfish people with money in their pockets. Let us turn for a moment to the luggage grievance. We strongly object to the "Railway Director's" suggestion for increasing the space for luggage in the passengers' carriages. Our shins would be more often excoriated than heretofore by impetuous haulers-forth of portmanteaus. Then it is all very well to crack up the American check system or the Continental registration system. English people, in their own country, would grudge the extra time which the latter process implies, while the former is only a convenience for those who are staying at hotels. Let an unimpassioned spectator watch the arrival of a heavy train at one of our terminuses. There is an apparently hopeless Babel of confusion round the luggage-pile; yet crowd and baggage soon disappear, and robberies on such occasions are comparatively rare; while, judging from our own pretty extensive experience, British porters are far more skilful and careful in their handling of luggage than their Continental representatives.

**THE VESTRIES IN ARMS.**—Wisdom is not popularly identified with the British Vestryman, any more than with the London Alderman. There is, nevertheless, an abundance of shrewd common sense among both these classes of civic authorities, and, if they would only refrain from making speeches, their merits might receive more recognition. It was certainly a sensible conclusion that the Conference of Vestry Delegates came to at the Westminster Town Hall last Monday. They assembled to consider the great question of the Government of London, a matter on which most Vestrymen hold very strong opinions of the "leave well alone" sort. The conclave did not, however, take up a *non possumus* attitude, neither did they give ear to one of their number

who proposed a tremendous resolution denouncing all bodies at present connected with our Municipal administration. Quietly and sedately they discussed whether things might not be improved, and this being decided in the affirmative, they proposed a resolution in favour of the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry. No doubt, that will appear a lame and impotent conclusion to the zealots who are longing to bring down the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, the Common Councilmen, and Gog and Magog in a grand crush. No doubt, either, that Mr. Firth, with his cut-and-dried scheme of a gigantic Municipality to rule over the whole metropolis, will chafe at the idea of more delay. We grant that it is hard on him to have his promotion to the pedestal of everlasting fame again postponed. But, after all, the creation of new administrative machinery for the every-day needs of between four and five millions of people is a big affair. All the Great Powers have to take counsel together about the requirements and aspirations of a smaller number of much less civilised folks in Eastern Europe, and we think, therefore, the Vestries show a great deal of sense in deprecating hurry in throwing the Municipal Government of London into hotch-potch. They recognise the necessity of change, and they are only fearful lest it should tip this wonderful congeries of cities out of the frying-pan into the fire.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND: A NARRATIVE COMMORATING THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES, OCTOBER 22, 1685."



**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY Irving. EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock, OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five, where Seats can be booked in advance, or by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at eight o'clock, will be enacted a new play, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled HOODMAN BLIND. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitheroe, &c. Prices: Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £9 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Box Office, 2s. 6d. to 5s. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.—MORNING PERFORMANCE OF HOODMAN BLIND EVERY SATURDAY at Two. Doors open 1.30.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Lessees and Managers, Mr. E. RUSSELL and Mr. G. F. BASHFORD. DARK DAYS, by J. Comyns Carr and Hugh Conway. EVERY EVENING at eight o'clock, Mr. H. Beerhohn-Tier, Mr. C. Sugden, Mr. R. Pateman, Mr. E. Maurer, Mr. J. B. Durham, Mr. Forbes-Dawson, &c., and Mr. Barrymore. Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Helen Forsyth, Miss Lingard. Booking Office open 10 to 5. No fees.—HAYMARKET.

**THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.**—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 7.30, THE CASTING VOTE. Followed by (at 9) the very successful play, in three acts, by E. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called THE GREAT PINK PEARL. For cast, see daily papers. Doors open at 7.15, commence at 7.30. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3,700). MATINEE OF GREAT PINK PEARL, Saturday next at Three, preceded by Comedietta at 2.15. Doors open at 2. Mr. Edgar Bruce as Anthony Sheen.—Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, at THREE, MR. GEORGE WATTS' ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Madame Norman-Neruda, and other Eminent Artists. Prices 2s. 6d. to 21s. Tickets and programmes at St. James's Hall and usual agents.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON. THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT of the world-famed

**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS** ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at THREE as well.

Doors open at 2.30 and 7. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7. No fees of any description. GREAT SUCCESS OF THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME, which will be REPEATED AT EVERY PERFORMANCE. Everybody should be present at Mr. G. W. Moore's (assisted by his Daughter, Miss Victoria Moore), prestidigitatory seance and marvellous feats of legerdemain.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

**ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY,"** and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures, with other works, are ON VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168 New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

**NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW** MAYTIME, BASIL BRADLEY, TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY, S. E. WALLER, NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON," THE GLOAMING, CARL HEFFNER, DAWN (Companion to do.), THE MISSING BOATS, R. H. CARTER, A PEGGED-DOWN FISHING MATCH, DENDY SABLE, FIRST DAYS OF SPRING, ISEMBART, PARTING KISS, ALMA TADEMA, &c., &c., &c. N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices. THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

## THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.**—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car, available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.**—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run on the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

**BRIGHTON. — THE GRAND AQUARIUM. — EVERY SATURDAY.** Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS,** see Time Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, and any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 29, Regent's Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's and Cook's Ludgate Circus Offices. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



## THE ELEPHANT BATTERY AT TONGO

THIS battery is of peculiar interest just now, as it is situated at Tongo, a town in the Tenasserim district of British Burmah, and would take a leading part in any hostile operations. The nominal strength of a battery is placed at twenty-two elephants and four guns. These are disposed as follows—four are attached to the guns, twelve carry the ammunition, four the artificers' tools, and two are kept in reserve for emergencies. Weekly parades are held, and the spectator is at once impressed with the thorough training and the readiness with which all orders are understood and obeyed. The swimming drill, which is also held weekly, is a most trying task for the mahout, and it is not uncommon to see an elephant back out of the water and take to the jungle with all possible speed, and only be induced to return after much trouble and persuasion.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. F. Rencontre, Rangoon.

## THE SOUDAN CONTINGENT AT SYDNEY

THE Contingent furnished by New South Wales to the Soudan Expeditionary Force numbered some 800 men—artillery, infantry, and ambulance corps—all told. They were commanded by Colonel Richardson, and served about two months in the Soudan—from the end of March to the end of May. On their return to Sydney they were enthusiastically *filéd*, and the whole incident has greatly stimulated the volunteer movement in the colony, several new corps being formed, and amongst them a Lancer regiment and one of Highlanders.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Messrs. Tuttle and Co., of Sydney, and are kindly forwarded by Mr. W. G. Hadril, who writes: "One of the groups represents the camel corps of the New South Wales Contingent lately returned from the Soudan, with Lieutenant Sparrow, numbering about thirty. The smaller group depicts the staff and transport corps, numbering eight men. There is a grand dinner to be given to the Contingent at the Crystal Palace."

## THE TELPHER LINE AT GLYNDE

TELPHERAGE is a name given to a system for automatically transporting goods by means of electricity, the cars or carriers being run along a line of steel rods suspended on posts. The system was the invention of the late Professor Fleeming Jenkin. He had begun the construction of a telfer-line on the estate of Lord Hampden at Glynde, near Lewes; and his plans were perfected by Professor Perry, his successor. The line was formally opened on Saturday by Lady Hampden, who electrically started a loaded train on the line. The line is a double one, nearly a mile in length, and is composed of two sets of steel rods, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, supported on wooden posts of T-shape, and about 18 ft. high. The carriers, or skips as they are technically termed, are iron trough-shaped buckets, each holding about 2 cwt., and suspended from the line by a light iron frame, at the upper end of which is a pair of grooved wheels running on the line of rods. A train is made up of ten of these skips, which are in electrical connection with each other and with an electrical motor which is placed in the middle of the train, having five skips in front of and five behind it. At a point about midway of the length of the line is the engine house, in which is a steam-engine which drives the dynamos. From the latter the current is led to the line, and thus to the electrical motor which moves the train. The use to which the line is put is to carry clay at a cost of 7½d. per ton from a pit to the Glynde railway siding, whence it is delivered into trucks and transported by rail to the works of the Newhaven Cement Company. A labourer, by touching a key, starts the train, which travels at a speed of from four to five miles an hour. The labourer at either end of the line has full control over the train, and can stop, start, and reverse it at will. The total cost of such a line as this is estimated at £1,200, with five trains with locomotives to carry over 100 tons daily. It is estimated that a double line ten miles long, if heavily weighted, would carry material at 2d. per ton per mile. The trains need no attention while running, as they are governed to run at the same speed up and down hill, while twenty trains can run on the line without any danger of collision, an absolute automatic block being provided. Three special advantages are claimed for Telfer lines—the ease with which Telfer trains can go round sharp curves without loss of power, the facility with which natural sources of power, such as water power, can be utilised, and the ability to tap the electric power at any point of the line and utilise it for driving stationary engines. A most valuable facility for working agricultural machinery in the fields is thus available.

## THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE AT THE ALBERT PALACE

A GRAND demonstration of the metropolitan and provincial branches of the Primrose League was held on Saturday, October 17th, at the Albert Palace, Battersea Park. The League was founded two years ago in honour of the late Lord Beaconsfield, and to maintain the principles which he professed. In spite of the sneers of its opponents, it has developed throughout the country a remarkable amount of Conservative enthusiasm, and the feminine element which predominates in its organisation is not the least potent of its weapons. Saturday's gathering was in some sense a review of the forces of the League on the eve of the electoral campaign. Some ten thousand persons were present, all of whom wore either the insignia of the League, or the equally significant emblem of a bunch of primroses.

The proceedings of the day began with a series of addresses by Conservative candidates; then followed a patriotic concert, under the direction of Viscountess Folkestone; then Mr. Marriott, M.P., who had come up with a deputation from the Brighton Habitation, spoke from the central platform on the political situation; and lastly a banquet, under the presidency of Sir Algernon Borthwick, in the Connaught Hall, where covers were laid for 1,150 guests, brought the proceedings to a close.

A few words may be added in explanation of our illustrations. After the candidates' speeches, Lady Randolph Churchill, accompanied by a number of other ladies, was escorted to the platform amid loud cheers; and, when the concert was over, a handsome bouquet was presented by the little daughter of one of the Palace stall-holders to Lady Randolph.

In his speech at the banquet, Sir Algernon Borthwick gave an interesting account of the rise and progress of the Primrose League. "The law having altered the condition of elections," he said, "volunteers were needed to do the work formerly done by paid canvassers, and we appealed to these volunteers to come forward in support of great principles, which are dear to us all—for the maintenance of our religion, of the Constitution, and of the Empire."

Lord Harris, in the course of his speech, observed:—"There is an old phrase that trade follows the flag, but in the establishment of our Colonial Empire it has been the flag that has followed the trade."

Great enthusiasm was manifested when Mr. Howard Vincent proposed the health of Sir Algernon Borthwick, to whose efforts,





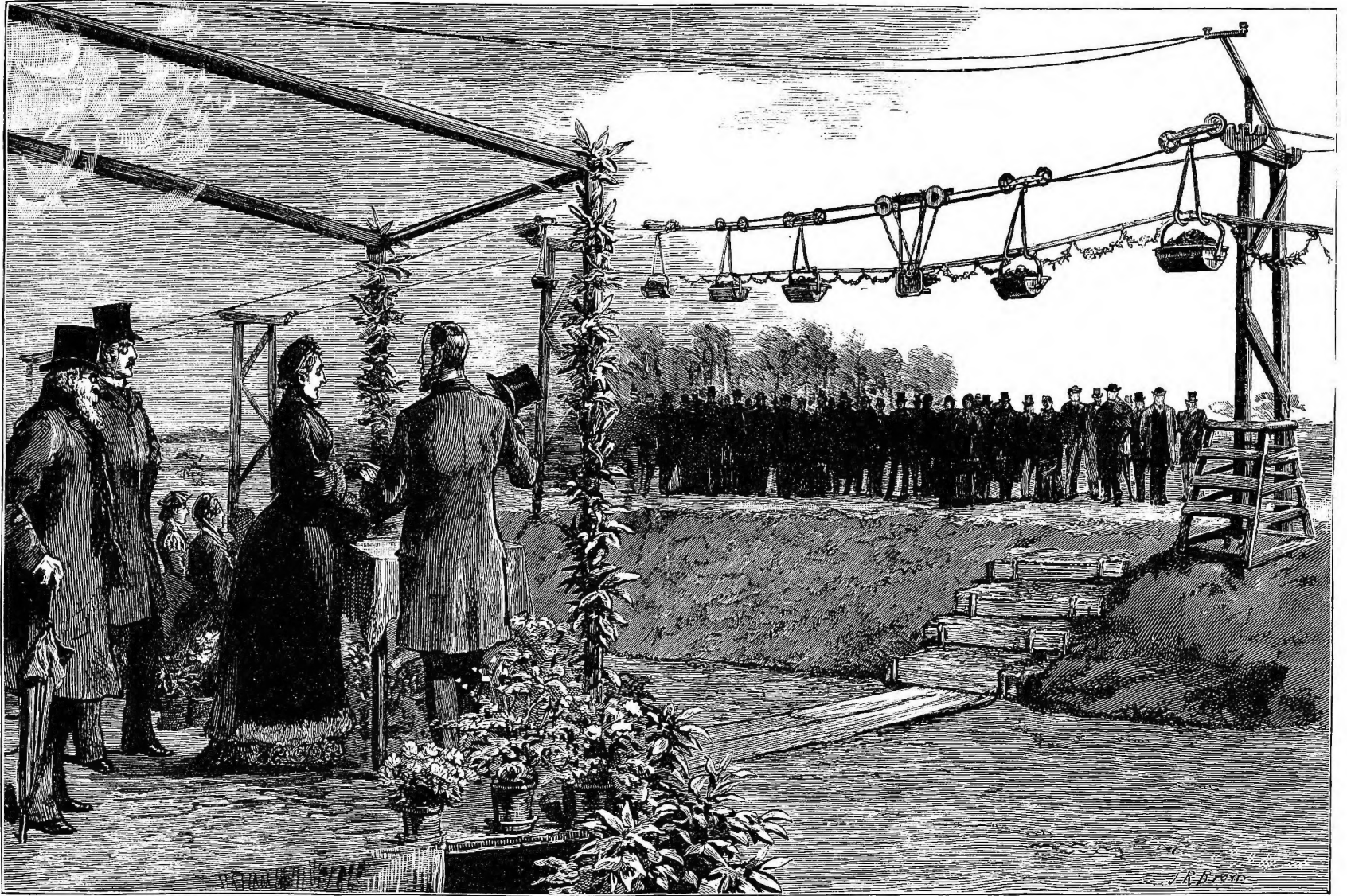
THE CAMEL CORPS



STAFF AND TRANSPORT CORPS

THE RETURN HOME OF THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT FROM THE SOUDAN  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT SYDNEY





THE NEW TELPHER LINE AT GLYNDE, NEAR LEWES. THE SEAT OF LORD HAMPDEN, THE EX-SPEAKER—LADY HAMPDEN STARTING THE FIRST TRAIN



BANQUET OF THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE AT THE ALBERT PALACE, BATTERSEA



ably seconded by those of Mr. Hardman and Mr. Cusack Smith, the prosperity of the League is chiefly due.

The grounds of the Palace were brilliantly illuminated at nightfall, and at the end of the banquet there was a fine display of fireworks, the set pieces including portraits of Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Randolph Churchill.

#### AN ELECTION MEETING

IN spite of the chatter about progress and enlightenment the mass of the community regard the struggles of rival politicians rather as affording a certain degree of pleasurable excitement than as a matter of really serious and solemn interest. It was stated the other day that the weather had a serious effect on the Paris Elections. If wet, everybody stayed in town, and the Conservative suffrages were fairly pitted against those of the Radicals. But if the weather was fine the Conservatives (who belong to a more prosperous class than most of their opponents) went out of town to amuse themselves, and consequently, owing to their absence, the sacred cause of Reaction suffered at the ballot-boxes. It may in like manner be safely averred that more than half the people who go to an election meeting would have given the meeting the go-by if they had been offered an order for a popular theatre. At the same time, these meetings are usually interesting. They make politics seem more of a reality than when we only read about them in a newspaper. Then there is an attraction about oratory (unless it be very dull and long-winded) which reading cannot rival. The proceedings, moreover, are rarely portentously solemn; there is usually a good deal of fun and chaff. When, however, the chaff takes the form of an organised gang sweeping through the audience and breaking their heads with bludgeons, it becomes the reverse of pleasant. The Radicals are the greatest sinners in this respect. There will be a great many meetings during the next few weeks; and the chiefs of the party will do well to dissuade the coarser and more brutal members of their fraternity from conduct which is utterly hostile to the professed doctrines of Radicalism.

#### FESTIVITIES AT PEEL, ISLE OF MAN

PEEL TOWN, Isle of Man, was the scene of much popular festivity last week, on the occasion of the presentation of a lifeboat by the National Lifeboat Institution, and the opening of a battery of the Naval Reserve. Some six thousand persons took part in the popular demonstration, and fully half that number must have come from Douglas to take part in the proceedings. The boat was brought overland from Douglas, having been gaily decorated with flowers and wreaths, and was met at the boundary by a dense throng of people, who gave them cheers of welcome. A procession was then formed, and escorted the boat to the shore. There it was placed on a slip ready for launching, and formally presented—first by Mr. Brown, on the part of the late Captain John Monk, to the National Lifeboat Institution, and then to the town by the representative of that body. Speeches were subsequently made by the High Bailiff, Mr. Loughton, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Spencer Walpole. A prayer was offered by the Bishop; his wife, Mrs. Hill, dashed a bottle of wine against the stern, naming the boat the *John Monk*; and finally the ropes were cast loose, and the boat slid down into the water. The procession was then reformed, and proceeded to the Battery of the Royal Naval Reserve, situated on the brow of Creg Malin, and commanding the port. The battery, which was formally opened by Mrs. Spencer Walpole firing the first gun, is composed of two guns, the largest a 5½ ton muzzle-loading Woolwich pattern, and the other an old pattern muzzle-loading 64-pounder. The men at present number about 300, and are under the command of Mr. Quigley. A luncheon at the Drill Hall, at which further speeches were made, concluded the day's proceedings. In the course of his speech the Lieutenant-Governor referred to the increasing prosperity of Peel, which now contains some 3,000 inhabitants, and gave his hearers some sound advice with regard to provision for drainage and a good water supply. Referring to their past history, he said, "The ruins of the old cathedral look down upon this town, and ought to remind you of what men your forefathers were. The spire of a beautiful modern church points upwards to Heaven, and ought to preach to you the old eternal lesson—Excelsior!"

#### MEMORIAL TO MR. BASS AT DERBY

ON the afternoon of Saturday, October 17th, Sir William Harcourt unveiled a statue erected by public subscription at Derby to the late Mr. M. T. Bass, who represented the borough in Parliament for thirty-five years. The statue is of bronze, over nine feet high, and stands in the market-place. It was designed by Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A. The pedestal is of white Hollington stone, and was designed by Mr. R. W. Edis, of London. The ceremony was witnessed by some 35,000 persons, many of whom came from Burton-upon-Trent.

Sir William Harcourt made a most excellent, hearty, and sympathetic speech. No man, he said, needed a statue less than Mr. Bass, for Derby was full of the monuments of his munificence. He was a bountiful contributor to the Recreation Ground, the Free Baths, the Schools of Art, the Children's Hospital, the Infirmary, and, above all, the Railway Orphanage. His hand and his heart were open to all. He once said: "I have made a lot of money; I have had much pleasure in making it, but I have had much more pleasure in giving it away." Owing to his abstemious habits and manly exercises he lived to a green old age. He was a first-rate horseman, a capital shot, and excelled in all kinds of sport. He overflowed with high spirits, with fun, and with constant good humour, which made him the favourite of both men and women.

Curiously enough, in his eulogium, although he alluded to brewing, Sir William never mentioned the (possibly vulgar) little monosyllable "beer." Yet how eloquently the small word conveys the obligations of the world at large to Mr. Bass! In the way of pure business he probably conferred as much pleasure on mankind as any human being that ever lived. We do not precisely know the composition of the nectar consumed by the ancient heathen deities, but it was almost certainly far inferior to Bass's Pale Ale.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Thomas Scotton, of the Locomotive Department, Midland Railway, Derby.

#### THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND

See pp. 461 et seqg.

#### "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S *New Story*, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 465.

#### REPAIR OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, Stratford-on-Avon, is very beautifully situated, its tapering spire being encircled by large elms, whose giant arms hang gracefully over the soft-flowing Avon, which encloses the churchyard with a shining girdle. It is scarcely necessary to observe that this church is the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the English-speaking world, because beneath its chancel lie the remains of William Shakespeare. The fact, therefore,

that the church has for some time past been in an increasingly bad state of repair is a matter of more than local interest, and we think that the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Arthur Hodgson (who has been indefatigable in the business), has acted rightly in appealing for funds in order to effect the necessary restoration, not merely to the inhabitants of Stratford or of Warwickshire, but to the English-speaking world. The total sum required is 12,000*l.*, according to the architect's estimate. The work is to be done bit by bit, with a reverential caution which will defy criticism. There is no intention to beautify, re-model, pull down, or re-construct, but to repair and maintain this noble parish church, which was dedicated to the glory of God 600 years ago, and is the sepulchre of one of the greatest men who ever lived. The work has now begun, as nearly 4,000*l.* has already been subscribed, chiefly, however, by residents of the town and neighbourhood; indeed, a single individual, Mr. Charles E. Flower, has given 1,000*l.* To complete the sum required an appeal is now made, especially to those persons who either from various localities in our own islands, or from the far-distant worlds of the West and of the Antipodes, have made a pilgrimage to the birthplace and tomb of the Swan of Avon. Subscriptions will be gladly received by Mr. Arthur Hodgson, C.M.G., Stratford-on-Avon.—Our engravings are drawn from photographs supplied by Mr. Hodgson.

#### LIEUT.-COLONEL FYNMORE AND THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

IN 1879 we published the portraits of seven surviving officers of Nelson's great fight. Now that the eightieth anniversary of the battle has arrived there is only one surviving, Lieut.-Colonel James Fynmore, of the Marines. He is ninety-two years of age—the por-

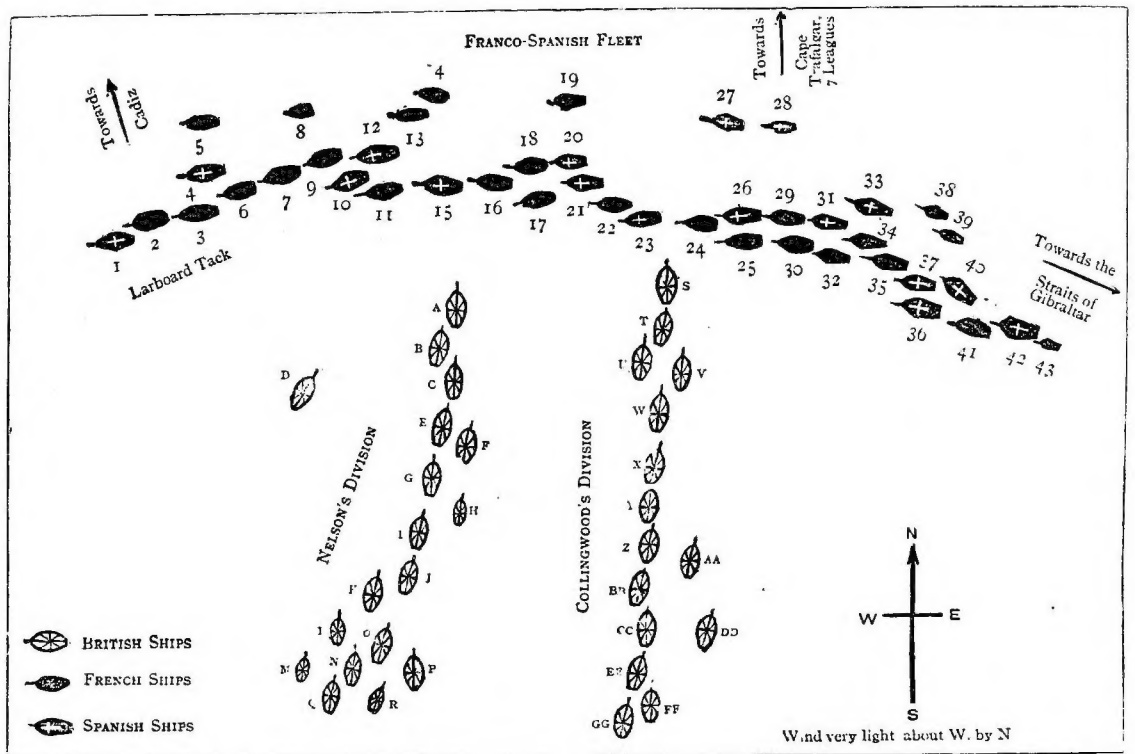
Marines in 1808. He was at the bombardment of Algiers in 1816. At that engagement his "tubes" were tried for the first time, and proved a great success. From that day they have been universally used. He served twenty-five years at sea, twenty on shore, and retired in 1848.

#### A WILD GARDEN

MR. GEORGE F. WILSON says of this wild garden of his, which is situated at Heatherbank, Weybridge Heath, "When I retired from a business which required close observation, many experiments, and some invention, I had to seek fresh healthy useful occupation, and chose gardening, an old hobby, but which I had hitherto had little time to ride. In 1878 I bought a farm, a small part of which affords facilities for experiment, as it has many varieties of soil and different degrees of moisture. The land had not been thought much of in the neighbourhood, as the rent was only 13*s.* 4*d.* an acre, and this not always paid. Indeed, the field where an important part of the garden now is had the reputation of growing nothing, but to a gardening eye it presented such capabilities that I determined if I got possession of it to make such a garden there as had not been seen before."

Let us now see what Canon Ellacombe wrote in the *Gardener's Chronicle* of June 23rd, 1883. The Canon is an authority, for his garden at Bitton, near Bristol, has been the head-quarters of hardy plants for more than sixty years. This is what Canon Ellacombe says of Mr. Wilson's garden:—

"It is quite marvellous to see the vigour with which many plants are growing which have been a puzzle to gardeners for many years; and this vigour is not confined to one or two classes of plants, for Mr. Wilson is ready to welcome strange plants from all parts of the world, and though I do not say everything will succeed there, yet



#### PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805

FRENCH & SPANISH SHIPS	FRENCH & SPANISH SHIPS	FRENCH & SPANISH SHIPS	BRITISH SHIPS	BRITISH SHIPS
1.—Neptuno (74)	16.—Bucentaure (80)	32.—Swiftsure (74)	B.—Téméraire (98)	Q.—Girius, Frigate (38)
2.—Scipion (74)	17.—Redoutable (74)	33.—Montanez (74)	C.—Neptune (98)	R.—Pickle, Schooner
3.—Intrepide (74)	18.—Neptune (80)	34.—Argonaute (74)	D.—Africa (64)	S.—Royal Sovereign,
4.—Rayo (100)	19.—Hortense, Frigate	35.—Berwick (74)	E.—Conqueror (74)	Collingwood (100)
5.—Cornellie, Frigate (40)	(40)	36.—San Ildefonso (74)	F.—Leviathan (74)	T.—Belleisle (74)
6.—Formidable (80)	20.—San Leandro (64)	37.—St. Juan, Nepo-	G.—Britannia, Northesk	U.—Mars (74)
7.—Duguay-Trouin (74)	21.—San Justo (74)	muco (74)	V.—Connaught (80)	W.—Bellérophon (74)
8.—Rhén, Frigate (40)	22.—Indomptable (80)	38.—Hermione, Frigate	H.—Euryalus, Frigate	X.—Colossus (74)
9.—Mont Blanc (74)	23.—Sta. Anna (112)	(40)	I.—Orion (74)	Y.—Achille (74)
10.—San Francisco d'Assisi	24.—Fougueux (74)	39.—Thémis, Frigate (40)	J.—Ajax (74)	Z.—Polyphemus (64)
(74)	25.—Pluton (74)	40.—Argonauta (80)	K.—Agamemnon (64)	AA.—Revenge (74)
11.—Héros (74)	26.—Monarca (74)	41.—Achille (74)	L.—Naïad, Frigate (36)	BB.—Dreadnought (90)
12.—San Augustin (74)	27.—Flora, Frigate (44)	42.—Principe de Asturias	M.—Entrepreante, Cut-	CC.—Swiftsure (74)
13.—Furet, Brig (18)	28.—Mercurio, Frigate	(112)	N.—Phæbe, Frigate (38)	DD.—Defence (74)
14.—L'Observatoire, Brig	(40)	43.—Argus, Brig	O.—Minotaur (74)	EE.—Defiance (74)
(16)	29.—Agésiras (74)	BRITISH SHIPS	P.—Spartiate (74)	FF.—Thunderer (74)
15.—Santissima Trinidad	30.—Aigle (74)	A.—Victory, Nelson (100)		GG.—Prince (98)
(130)	31.—Bahama (74)			

As the morning mist rolled away on the 21st of October, 1805, the enemy's fleet was discovered, drawn up in the shape of a crescent. In the British fleet was heard the roll of the drum beating to quarters, as ship after ship took up its position. The whole fleet was divided into two columns, respectively led by Nelson and Collingwood. About noon the engagement commenced. Collingwood first came into action, and Nelson broke the enemy's line, pouring in broadside after broadside, thus throwing all into confusion. Both fleets were now enveloped in smoke, and in some parts of the engagement vessels came into such close contact that three-deckers fired over three-deckers, whilst Spanish and French fired into one another. In the thickest of the fight Nelson fell, the command devolving on Collingwood. About four o'clock the enemy began to draw off, and all was over. As evening set in, a terrific storm arose, which so scattered the fleets during the night that many of the enemy's vessels foundered, the majority of which had prize crews on board. Not one of the English fleet was lost. On the morning of the 22nd the enemy was drawn up as if intending to renew the fight, but subsequently dispersed. Most of their ships were captured or destroyed. Thus ended the glorious day that shook the power of Napoleon.

The Franco-Spanish fleet consisted of 18 French and 15 Spanish Line of Battle Ships. The ships were mixed, without any apparent regard to order of national squadron so much so that, instead of being straight, the line was curved or crescent-like. The diagram will show the position of the two fleets previous to the commencement of the battle at about 11.30 a.m., as recorded by naval and civil historians, and from my observation as a midshipman of the *Africa*.

French and Spanish struck 19 sail of the line, with three flag officers:—Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, the Commander-in-Chief, Don Ignacio Maria d'Alava, and Spanish Rear-Admiral Don Baltasar Hidalgo Cisneros. There were 4,000 troops embarked, under General Contamin, who was taken with Admiral Villeneuve. English loss estimated at 1,587 of all ranks. The enemy, as stated, nearly 16,000. The battle ceased about 4.30 p.m. The numbers after each ship denote its guns. The English fleet consisted of 27 sail of the line, 4 frigates, 1 schooner, 1 cutter.

[According to James, the accurate author of the "Naval History," neither the *Flora*, the *Mercurio*, nor the *Observatoire* were present at the battle.—Ed. G.]

trait we publish (from a photograph by Hemery and Co., of Regent Street and Peckham) was only taken the other day—yet he is in excellent health, and is possessed of wonderful sight. He still amuses himself with sketching and painting, for which his father also had a strong taste, and he has lately finished a water-colour drawing of one vessel towing another two days after the battle of Trafalgar. The picture, however, which we have reproduced was drawn by Lieut.-Colonel Fynmore in 1875, when he was eighty-two. It represents H.M.'s frigate *Euryalus*, Admiral Collingwood, collecting his fleet after the battle of Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805. In the foreground appears H.M.'s *Africa*, 64 guns, dismasted and in distress. The *Africa*, on board of which Colonel Fynmore's father was a Captain of Marines, and himself a midshipman, lost more in killed and wounded than any vessel in the fleet; she was commanded by "Fighting Digby," as he was called, and was simultaneously engaged with the *Santissima Trinidad* and two French liners. During the night after the battle a terrible gale came on, and no wonder that next day the *Africa* was in a sad plight.

Lieut.-Colonel Fynmore comes of a good old Berkshire family, famous for length of life. His father's sister died at the age of 104. Both his father and his grandfather served in the Marines. His son, Mr. W. R. Fynmore, retired Naval Storekeeper, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, is fifty-five years of age, and the last of the family in England.

Lieut.-Colonel Fynmore entered the Royal Navy in 1803, and the

whatever does grow there seems to grow luxuriantly. Many things combine to produce this happy result. There is a great variety of soil and situation, so that a fitting place can be found for any plant, whether it requires sun or shade, dry soil or moisture, good friable loam or peat, or even marsh. When to this is added plenty of water, and over all the practical knowledge and the careful tending of Mr. Wilson and his son, the secret is explained."

The garden has made good progress since Canon Ellacombe's visit, adds Mr. Wilson, and, thanks to the kindness of amateur friends and the authorities of Botanic Gardens both at home and abroad, it is being filled up with interesting plants.

"OLD TESTAMENT REVISERS."—In our article last week we accidentally spoke of the "late" Mr. R. L. Bensly. We are happy to say that Mr. Bensly is alive, and is busily engaged, with other members of the Bible Revision Company, in preparing a new version of the Apocrypha.

"REVISION REASONS."—The Rev. C. G. K. Gillespie, author of the above book, which was recently reviewed in our columns, writes to say, with reference to a remark of ours, that there is no identification of *tanen* with *tenia*. The statement refers to the root, unused in the Hebrew Bible, and shows that this root, found in *tenia*, refers only to the size or extent of the animal.





MR. GLADSTONE having expressed his confidence in the result of the Midlothian election, his candidature for the Shipley Division of the West Riding is to be dropped, and a local Liberal candidate has been substituted for him.

LORD HARTINGTON denies the accuracy of the conclusion drawn from a reference in one of his recent speeches to the length of his political career. "There is no foundation," he informs a correspondent, "for the statement that I intend to retire from public life."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN was "not at home" when a deputation of the unemployed of Birmingham last week called at his residence, a few miles from that town, to induce him to use his influence to procure an independent Relief Committee. They were more fortunate on Tuesday, when, preceded by a body of police, they marched up to his door between 400 and 500 strong, and two of their number were allowed an interview with him. Their reception was by no means cordial, Mr. Chamberlain saying that it was "perfect nonsense" for them thus to "come in their hundreds," when a simple deputation would have sufficed.

THE EARL OF ILCHESTER succeeds the late Earl of Shaftesbury in the Lord-Lieutenancy of Dorsetshire.

ANOTHER LIBERAL PEER, in the person of Lord Londesborough, has formally joined the Conservative party.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY were great field days for both political parties. On Monday, at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain attacked Lord Salisbury with considerable vigour, saying that, as to landowners' expenditure for the improvement of their estates, on which the Premier had dilated at Brighton, there were hundreds of thousands of cases in which they actually borrowed money from the State at 3 and 3½ per cent., and then charged their tenants 4 and 5 per cent. for the accommodation.

SUPPORTING AT LYNN the candidature of Lord Henry Bentinck for North-West Norfolk, where he is to be opposed by Mr. Joseph Arch, Lord Randolph Churchill offered as a counter-bid to Mr. Chamberlain's educational and agrarian proposals such a reduction of school fees that no agricultural labourer would have to pay more than one penny a week for the education of his children, the grant of new facilities for the transfer of land, and the permission to local authorities to purchase land for the objects promoted by Mr. Chamberlain, but in no case without these having been obtained by the direct sanction of the Legislature.

ADDRESSING A LARGE CONSERVATIVE GATHERING in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in reply to the Liberal taunt that the Conservatives were truckling to the Irish Nationalists in governing Ireland without a Coercion Act, Sir R. Cross invited a comparison between the amount of crime, boycotting included, which existed in Ireland at present with that in November, 1880, when it was asserted on the part of the late Government that there was no proved necessity for legislative interference.

ON TUESDAY LORD ROSEBERY spoke at a Liberal meeting in Sheffield, and his position in the Liberal party bestows importance on the statement which he then made that we must be prepared to face the question of State-aided emigration.—Supporting in a discursive speech, at Henley-on-Thames, Colonel Harcourt's candidature for South Oxfordshire, Lord Iddesleigh said that he had been found fault with for comparing Mr. Chamberlain's policy to Jack Cade's, but if it was not that it was the policy of Robin Hood, who took from the rich to give to the poor.—Addressing a Conservative meeting at York, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proclaimed his approval of Lord Salisbury's suggestion that personal property should be made liable, if possible, to local rates, and his conviction that when the time came for a reduction of taxation, the first claim to relief to be considered was that of the payer of income-tax.

SIR CHARLES DILKE addressed, in the Harrow Road, the electors added to the old borough of Chelsea, and, speaking for himself alone, said that he was an old Tory on the question of army organisation. Criticising the short service system in its relation to India and the colonies, he would revert to the maintenance of a separate army for India, and institute another for the colonies apart from our general military system. After recapitulating the achievements of young soldiers who had not been much drilled, he expressed the opinion that it might be possible to rely very largely upon the volunteers for swelling our army in time of war by giving special advantages to those of them enlisting in it.

ON WEDNESDAY, Lord Hartington at Grimsby, and Mr. Stansfeld at Shoreditch, urged the necessity for reforming procedure in the House of Commons; while Mr. Goschen at Hendon once more criticises Mr. Chamberlain's agrarian proposals. Mr. Mundella, at Sheffield, gave in his adhesion to Free Education; and Sir Richard Cross, at Warrington, contrasted Conservative and Liberal policy, of course to the advantage of the former.

AT A BANQUET given him by the London Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, Sir Charles Warren was welcomed home, and made a long and interesting speech. Colonel Stanley, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, was present, and spoke with some cordiality of the value of Sir Charles Warren's services in South Africa.

A MEETING, PRESIDED OVER BY THE LORD MAYOR, was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday to promote the objects of the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India. Many persons of distinction, Anglo-Indian and others, were present, among the ladies being the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Lytton, Lady Randolph Churchill, and Lord Byron's granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt. The speakers included Sir Frederick Roberts, Sir Richard Temple, Lord Napier of Magdala, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, and Lord Holhouse, who described the condition of Indian society as such that, unless they provided women-doctors, a large portion of the women of India must go without doctors at all.

DELIVERING THIS WEEK THE HARVEIAN ORATION, Dr. Quain opposed to the arguments of the Anti-Vaccinationists the statement, among others, that Ireland, said to be the best vaccinated country in the world, is at this moment practically free from small-pox.

THE IRISH EXECUTIVE is being shamed into a display of something like energy in the repression of boycotting and the use of incendiary language. A prosecution has been instituted against one of the Nationalist candidates for Waterford County for a speech in which he recommended the extermination of landlords and land-grabbers. A boycotted family in County Limerick had to be escorted to Church and back by the police, and six of the ringleaders of their assailants have been sent by the local magistrates to gaol for a month's hard labour.

THE CORK DEFENCE UNION is supplying to some extent those appliances of ordinary life of which boycotting in that district deprives its victims. Two steam thrashing machines have been in operation in different parts of the county doing work for the boycotted. Competent persons have been appointed to attend fairs and buy boycotted cattle, to be sent to England in the vessels of the Cork Steam Packet Company, which, as stated in

this column last week, have been boycotted by a local association of cattle-dealers. Blacksmiths having been forbidden in many places by the Nationalists to shoe the horses of boycotted persons, the Cork Defence Union has decided on establishing a travelling forge, and sending it about with a staff of blacksmiths.

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in her sixty-third year, of Katherine Anne, Viscountess Cranley; in his eighty-first year of Admiral R. F. Gambier, who, distinguishing himself at the Battle of Navarino as lieutenant of the *Asia*, was promoted to the rank of Commander, and became one of the founders in 1848 of the Royal Sailors' Home at Portsmouth; in his sixty-seventh year, at Brighton, where he has been devoting much effort to the improvement of the Local Museum of Dr. T. Thomas Davidson, F.R.S., well known by his work on "British Fossil Brachiopoda," which was published by the Palaeontographical Society, and has been translated into German; and on Friday, at Paris, in his eighty-third year, of Field Marshal Lord Strathnairn, known before his elevation to the Peerage in 1860 as Colonel, and afterwards Sir Hugh Rose, the son of Sir George Rose, Clerk of Parliament. He entered the Army at seventeen, and he was thirty-seven when in 1840 he was sent by the Government to organise the Turkish defences in Syria, where Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mehemet Ali, had overthrown the authority of the Sultan, distinguishing himself both by his personal prowess and his diplomatic skill. He was appointed by Lord Palmerston Consul-General in Syria, whence he was transferred to Constantinople as Secretary of Legation to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. During the war in the Crimea he acted as Principal Commissioner at the head-quarters of the French, displaying his old gallantry in the field, and having two horses shot under him at Inkerman. Sir Hugh Rose, as he had now become, was sent to India in 1857, to aid in the repression of the great Mutiny, and in command of the Central Indian Field Force he achieved a number of military successes, the most important among them being the capture of Jhansi, Calpee, and Gwalior. For these services he was in 1865 made Commander-in-Chief in India, and after returning to England Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland. Raised to the peerage as Lord Strathnairn of Jhansi, in 1877 he received the bâton of Field-Marshal.



THE TURF.—Years ago the week between the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire was welcomed by racing men as a kind of off-week and holiday; but times are changed, and the managers of gate money meetings have provided sport in all directions during the last few days, and gatherings have been held at Croydon, Four Oaks Park, Gosforth Park, and elsewhere. Hence those who follow racing as a profession, or who are absorbed in it as a pleasure and a medium for speculation, have been more or less compelled to put in an appearance somewhere or other, if only to watch market operations, and to hear the last news on next week's big handicap—the Cambridgeshire. For this at the time of writing Lord Bradford's Isobar rules first favourite, though St. Gatien, of whom the public had a sight last week at Newmarket, treads closely on his heels, and if all goes well will probably have the call at the start. Pizarro and Plaisanterie, the French winner of the Cesarewitch, are next in demand, and then Bendigo, Eastern Emperor, and the other French filly, Barberine, who won the October Handicap at headquarters. Bendigo's decline in the market has been occasioned by a trial, in which it is said his stable companion, Runnymede, proved the better at the weights. Most good judges do not believe that Plaisanterie can carry her 8st. 12lb. to victory. If she can, she will show herself equal to Paradox, who was handicapped at this weight; but this is hard to realise, and makes the withdrawal of the latter from the race the more to be deplored. Eastern Emperor, who belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, is much fancied by many people, and some of his running this year points to his chance being an excellent one. Altogether the race seems to be a fairly open one; but probably the field will not reach the recent average number of starters, though quality will be better represented than in the Cesarewitch.—Last week no less than 27,000 "tannergams" were despatched from Newmarket, fifty-four clerks being employed.

FOOTBALL.—The weather lately has been such as we associate with this game, and, generally speaking, the falling has been made easy by the rain.—In Association games, Aston Villa got four goals to nothing against Walsall Town, but the crowd broke in over the ground a few minutes before "time" was called, and the Walsall men also entered a protest against one of their opponents' team as disqualified.—A fast and finely-contested game between Brentwood and the Old Foresters resulted in a drawn game on the ground of the former; Burnley has beaten the Wolverhampton Wanderers; Stanley the Rangers, at Putney; Great Lever, Church; Preston North End, Notts County; and Queen's Park, Dumbarton.—In the games already played in the first round of the London Association Cup, the Pilgrims have beaten the Vikings; Clapton, Connaught; the United London Scottish the Old Brightonians; and Hendon, St. Andrew's.—For the Football Association Cup Sheffield Healey has beaten Elkington Works; and Bolton Wanderers the Blackburn Olympic.—In Rugby games Blackheath has been victorious over the Middlesex Wanderers; the London Scottish over the Marlborough Nomads; Liverpool over Manchester (a sort of set-off against the Manchester Canal business); Old Leysians over Croydon; Clapham Rovers over West Kent; Old Merchant Taylors over St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and Dulwich College over Guy's Hospital.—The Blackburn Olympic (Association) has been suspended for a week by the Lancashire Association for importing a suspended player.

AQUATICS.—The opening of term at the Universities has livened up matters on the classic Cam and Isis. At Cambridge practice has begun for the Coxwainless Fours, and for the Colquhoun Sculls; and before long the Trial Eights' business will be taken in hand.—At Oxford, also, two or three of the Fours have been out.

BILLIARDS.—The most interesting public match of last week was that between Roberts the Champion, and J. North at the Billiard Hall, Argyl Street. North had a start of 3,000 in 10,000 up, and played an exceedingly good game; but the Champion was too much for him, and eventually won by 67 points. During the match he made no fewer than 21 breaks of over 100 each, four of which ran over 200 each. He promises to keep as far ahead of his brother professionals this season as last.

SWIMMING.—On the Friday evening of the present week, the Topping Prize of 100l. and Mile Championship Sweepstakes of 100l. will be contested at the Lambeth Baths between Collier, Finney, Jones, and W. Beckwith, at 8 P.M. Great interest is felt in the event in natatory circles.

SPORTSMEN in search of a new excitement may probably find it in "Haddock Cutting," if we may judge from the following advertisement in the pages of a contemporary:—"J. Gudge, of Whitecross Street, challenges any man in the East End of London to sound a quarter machine of haddocks, from 1l. up to 5l. Man and money ready at the Leigh Hoy, Hanbury Street, Spitalfields, from eight o'clock till ten o'clock this (Saturday) night."



THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL PAINTINGS opens on November 30.

A FINE RUBENS is said to have been discovered at Alost, Belgium. It represents Christ blessing the world, and is signed, and dated 1614. The picture was bought at an auction for one franc, and its value was discovered after cleaning.

THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION has proved a monetary success, and will probably close with a profit of some 40,000l. The huge triumphal arch at the entrance will be preserved as a memorial of the exhibition, the plaster figures being replaced by bronze statues.

BRITISH CUSTOMS have been largely introduced into the German Fatherland of late, and hitherto met with much approval until the latest importation—breach of promise suits. Such actions have been quite unknown in Germany, and greatly disgust the Teutons.

THE HISTORIC MUSIC LOAN COLLECTION at the Inventories will be closed on the 31st inst., 10 days before the Exhibition itself. A Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire will be held next year in connection with the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, and the Colonial Chambers have entered very heartily into the scheme.

THE RISING IN EASTERN ROUMELIA has considerably affected a well-known article of commerce—the oil of roses, for which the province is famous. Over 140 Roumelian villages are devoted to the manufacture, but political troubles have completely checked the industry this season, although there is a capital crop of leaves, besides interfering with preparations for next year's rose-harvest.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE next year will be commemorated in Wales by the re-erection of a huge pyramidal memorial on Moel Famau, one of the highest Denbigh mountains. Originally this memorial was raised by public subscription in 1809, in honour of the jubilee of George III.'s reign, but it was blown down by a terrific gale a few years ago. Now the funds are again to be subscribed by the Welsh people.

THE USUAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW in the Temple Gardens opened on Monday, but this year the Middle Temple takes no part in the display, which is confined to the Inner Temple, entered from the Embankment. The show, however, is very good, consisting of some 500 plants, with thirty-four new varieties, and the rest old favourites. The Japanese specimens are largely represented, and it is particularly noticeable that the modern deep red hues fast supercede the yellows and pinkish whites formerly so much in favour.

THE NEW FRENCH CHAMBER will now cost the country nearly three millions sterling yearly, owing to the number of deputies having been increased from 557 to 584. The President of the Chamber receives 3,000l. a year, and the salaries of the deputies alone amount to 200,000l., the remainder of the sum being required for subordinate official salaries, printing, warming and lighting, repairs, &c. Besides their stipends, the deputies get various other official "pickings," such as gratuities for serving on commissions of inquiry and free railway passes.

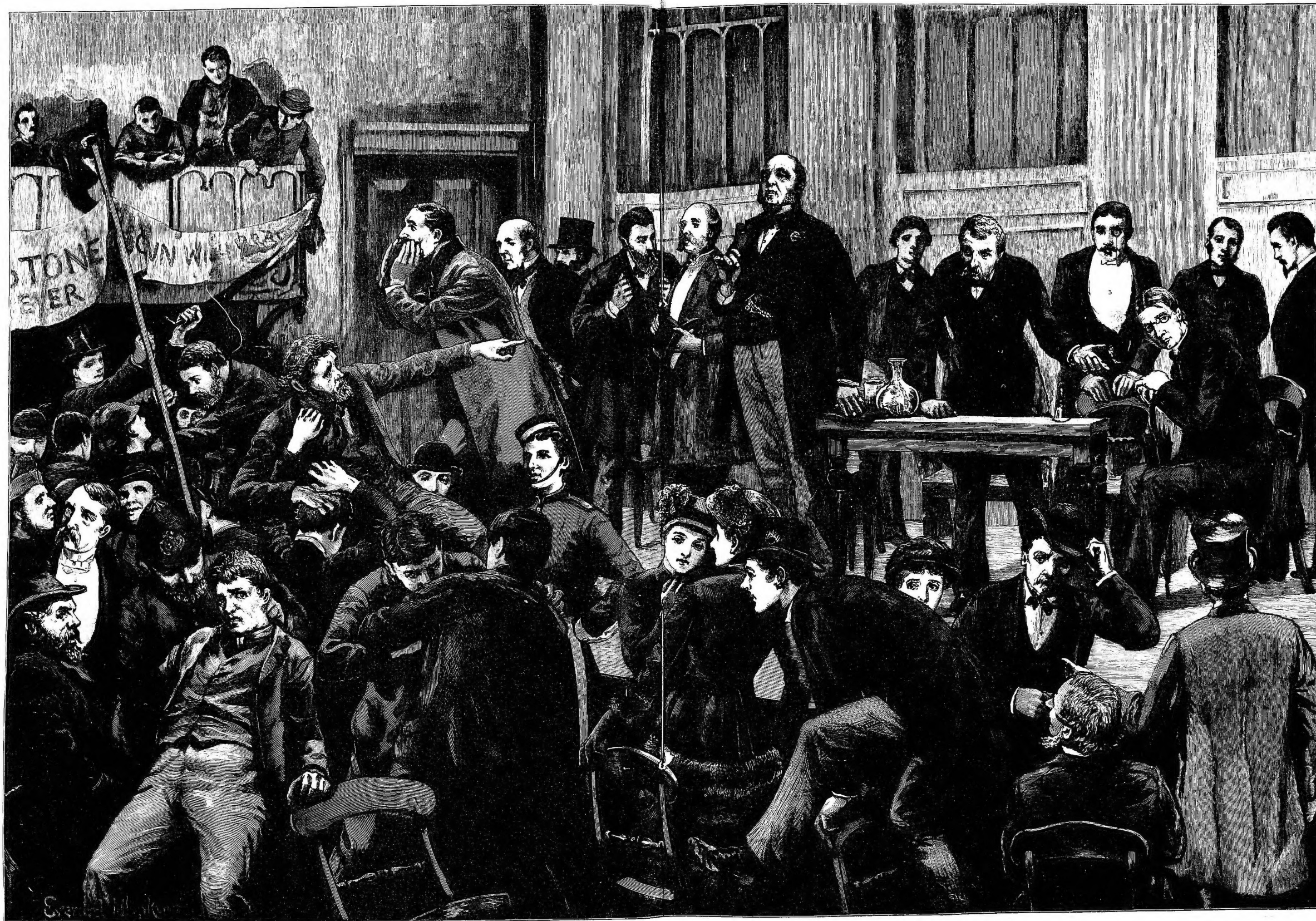
THE LATE CANADIAN REBELLION will not be without its advantages, according to the latest accounts from the North-Western province. The Indians are settling down to work steadily enough, and the cultivation of the lands in the Reserves goes on well. In future the Indians will be kept strictly to their own districts, and not allowed to roam about the country indiscriminately, while as a safeguard against further risings it is proposed to form a military colony in the province. A body of settlers would be equipped and armed by the Government, and presented with a certain quantity of land as pay on condition that in an emergency they would be ready for active service like the militia. Beyond the first outlay the force would cost the Government nothing. Probably a colony of 600 may be formed near the Touchwood Hills as an experiment.

THE PRACTICABILITY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE FOR SUMMER COMMERCE is pretty favourably reported on by the Investigating Commission, who have just returned to St. John's, Newfoundland, after fifteen months' observations. They state that the straits and bay are navigable from July to October, but that the vessels must be very strongly equipped, and—as the ice movements vary—must keep in open water as much as possible. The district is immensely rich in fish, furs, and minerals, and being at present completely unworked, would prove of great commercial value. Still, Canadians themselves seem dubious respecting the scheme, although a party of engineers have started out from Winnipeg to survey the proposed line thence to Hudson's Bay. The *Alert* herself, though jammed in the ice at her first effort, and obliged to return for repairs, accomplished her second trip easily, being away two months and a half. Whilst wintering at Port Nelson (York Factory) the observers found that the average winter temperature was much higher than expected, indeed not so low as in the Canadian North-West.

THE VEXED QUESTION, DO FISHES SLEEP? has been answered by some recent experiments at the Aquarium in the Inventions Exhibition. Mr. W. A. Carter has been watching the fish closely, night and day, and decides that sleep is common to certain fish, and that all rest at intervals, though not necessarily at night. The state of the atmosphere greatly influences their sleep, fish being more active in cold than hot weather. Again while some sleep suspended in the water, the majority retire into some rocky crevice and turn on their sides as if dead. Amongst fresh-water fishes the roach, dace, gudgeon, carp, tench, minnow, and cat-fish sleep periodically like land-animals, as do also the wrasse, conger eel, dory, dog-fish, bull-heads, and all flat-fish among the sea-water species. Gold-fish, bass, mullet, pike, and the salmonide family never sleep but rest at times, though such voracious creatures as pike and the angler fish are always on the watch for prey even when resting. Many small fish are captured by their bigger brethren when asleep, and in return take their opportunity of seizing their prey when napping, not being strong enough to catch them awake.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,346 deaths were registered, against 1,309 the previous seven days, a rise of 37, being 182 below the average, and at the rate of 17·2 per 1,000. There were 28 deaths from measles (an increase of 11), 22 from scarlet fever (a rise of 1), 23 from diphtheria (an increase of 8), 29 from whooping-cough (a fall of 5), 10 from enteric fever (a decline of 2), 27 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 8), and not one from small-pox, typhus, or an ill-defined form of continued fever. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 301 (a rise of 70, and exceeding the average by 22). Different forms of violence caused 44 deaths, 37 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 14 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 5 from poison (including 1 of a painter and 1 of a female labourer at lead works), and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,582 births, against 2,491 the previous week, being 93 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 45·4 deg., and 6·0 deg. below the average. Rain fell on five days of the week to the aggregate amount of 0·44 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 13·9 hours, against 18·1 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.





ADDRESSING THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS





THE crisis in EASTERN EUROPE is still in an acute stage. The Powers have severely admonished Bulgaria, and have expressed their approval of the attitude of the Porte, while every effort is being made to restrain the hostile tendencies of Serbia and Greece. Prince Bismarck is doing his best to maintain peace and to reconcile such differences between Austria and Russia as might imperil the adoption of a joint policy, and apparently with success, for the semi-official *Fremdenblatt* has published an article praising the attitude of Russia, and stating that "the volcanic eruption in the Balkans has thrown up a touchstone on which the relations between the two States have been thoroughly tested, and found genuine." Indeed, as far as the Powers are concerned, there is a manifest determination if possible to have the question settled without bloodshed, and an official note in the *North German Gazette* declares that the "unjustifiable ambition of individual races in the Balkan Peninsula cannot be permitted to imperil at will the peace of the Great Powers by quarrelling with each other or with Turkey. The peace of the Great Powers has an interest for all their subjects, numbering 300 millions, while Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria, with Eastern Roumelia, possess at the utmost six million subjects."

Whether, however, peace will be maintained despite all the efforts of the Powers is another thing. As usual, it is proposed to hold a Conference on the whole question, but meanwhile Serbia is fully prepared and eager to invade Bulgaria, while Greece is growing more and more enthusiastic daily. In five days 20,000 men have been enrolled, and it is stated that never since the revolution of 1821 has Greece been so aroused. The Cabinet has replied to the remonstrances of the Powers by a Note asserting that "a union between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia would utterly destroy the equilibrium in the Balkans, and expose the Greek element in Eastern Roumelia to annihilation. Thus while Greece sincerely desires peace, it would be unjust to require that she should submit to arrangements which would jeopardise her interests." As for Bulgaria itself, Prince Alexander has expressed his willingness to submit to the wish of the Powers, and to withdraw his forces from the Roumelian frontier, but the Porte has now asked the Powers to order him to withdraw his troops completely from Eastern Roumelia—a request which at present is hardly likely to be fulfilled. The tension between Bulgaria and Serbia is strained to the utmost, and King Milan has curiously refused to receive an envoy which Prince Alexander had proposed to send to Nisch. The original intention of King Milan was to occupy a portion of Bulgaria until Eastern Roumelia had been evacuated, and Serbia had been awarded adequate compensation. The resolute attitude of the Powers, however, has caused him to hesitate, while it is significant that Prince Karageorgevitch, the pretender to the Serbian throne and a favoured Russian protégé, should have gone to Montenegro, and that conjointly with this Prince Nicholas has stationed a cordon of troops on the Serbian frontier—upon the pretext of arresting deserters. In TURKEY itself war preparations are still being actively carried on, and there are now 100,000 men under arms on the Roumelian and Servian frontiers.

In FRANCE the supplementary elections have resulted, as was foreseen, in the return of Republicans throughout the country—the Reactionaries only carrying 27 out of 268 seats. In almost every district the Opportunists and Radicals joined hands and adopted the same list—the latter as a rule getting far the best of the bargain. This was particularly the case in Paris, where the Moderates had to accord their support to an ex-Communist and one of the leaders in the recent strikes in Northern France. The composition of the new Chamber is estimated as follows:—Reactionaries (Monarchists and Bonapartists), 205 (against 95 in the last Chamber); Opportunists, 240; and Radicals, 150. One of the chief incidents of Sunday's elections is the defeat of the Duc de Broglie, which is a great misfortune for the Conservatives. Two Ministers, MM. Pierre Legrand and Hervé Magnon, have also lost their seats, and have resigned. Now that the elections are over, there is much speculation with regard to the formation of the next Cabinet, in which the Radicals will insist on being yet more fully represented. The Opportunists are girding bitterly at the forced alliance with the Radicals—a pact which M. Jules Simon has characteristically stigmatised as "monstrous," and it is not likely that peace will be maintained for very long, especially as the Radical programme of an elective magistracy, the separation of Church and State, the expulsion of the Orleanist Princes, and the abolition of the Presidency of the Republic is almost as abhorrent to the Moderates as to the Royalists. Indeed, in some circles it is considered that an alliance between the Reactionaries and the Opportunists, so as to crush the Radical schemes, is far from improbable. Anything would be better than a Session of triangular duels, and the consequent continual overthrow and reconstruction of Cabinets, which would simply lead to a repetition of those political crises that have already wrought such dire mischief in France. It is thought that on the meeting of the Chamber M. Brissac may possibly resign the Premiership and resume his old post of President of the House; while M. Floquet, with M. de Freycinet, will form a Cabinet. Then there is the election of the President pending. M. Grévy has finally decided to stand again, and will be assuredly re-elected; but he is seventy-eight years of age, and there is a rumour that he would resign ere long and recommend M. de Freycinet as his successor. Meanwhile the new Chamber will meet on the 10th prox.

In PARIS much satisfaction has been expressed at the appointment of M. Jules Claretie as Director of the Théâtre Français in the place of the late M. Perrin. There has been a new and successful comedy produced at the Gymnase—*La Doctoresse*, by MM. Paul Ferrier and Henry Bocage—an amusing satire on lady medics and their husbands. Another comedy, *Les Notes d'un Reserviste*, has been brought out at the Palais Royal with much success.

Sir Henry Wolff's Mission to TURKEY with regard to a definitive settlement of the Egyptian question seems to have been thus far successful, and a convention has been concluded. This declares that a Turkish Commissioner, Sir Henry Wolff, and the Khédive will consult together as to the means to be employed for the pacification of the Soudan, and the re-organisation of the Egyptian Army, and of the civil and financial administration. The British occupation is only to continue until everything has been arranged and is in good working order. On Tuesday Sir Henry Wolff dined with the Sultan, and had a subsequent three hours' conversation with him. From EGYPT itself there is no fresh news, save that more detailed reports have now been received of the battle between Ras Aloula and Osman Digma, which appears to have been in every way decisive. There is now no doubt of Osman Digma's death.

The Indian Government have despatched an ultimatum to BURMA demanding that the Envoy from the Chief Commissioner of British Burma shall be received with all honour, and that the proceedings against the Bombay and Burma Company shall be suspended until the Envoy shall have investigated the matter in dispute between the Company and the King's Government. If these points are not conceded hostilities will be at once begun. It is

also stipulated that a British Resident with a suitable guard shall reside at Mandalay. The ultimatum has been despatched up the Irrawaddy by special steamer, which will remain at Mandalay for the answer until November 5th with the fires banked. Preparations are being made for eventual hostilities, and the Indian authorities are designating the regiments to take part in the expeditionary force. At present there are 4,500 British and Native troops in British Burma, under the command of Major-General Buck. The invading army, however, will be commanded by General Prendergast. At Mandalay also King Theebaw is making preparations for eventualities. He recently held a meeting of his Generals, stated that he would lead the Army in person, and asked if they were afraid to fight the English. The Generals at once expressed great confidence in the result of the war, but are said to have given vent to different opinions when away from the Royal presence. The Burmese war steamers are being prepared, war material is being issued from the Arsenal, troops and supplies are being sent to the frontier, and the river forts have been placed in a state of defence. It is said also that arrangements are being made by the Burmese authorities with a strong force of Dacoits to raise an insurrection in British Burma. On the other hand, there is a serious revolt of the Shans against King Theebaw, the Mengwoon Prince has gone to Upper Burma, while information has been received from Upper Burma to the effect that large districts would pronounce for British rule if a proclamation were issued upon the outbreak of hostilities announcing that all Burmese assisting the British would be protected and rewarded.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from SPAIN that the cholera is gradually decreasing. On Tuesday there were 81 cases and 48 deaths.—In SICILY also the epidemic is diminishing, the cases on Tuesday being 56, with 30 deaths.—There was a shock of earthquake last week at Palermo, and a house was thrown down, causing eight deaths.—In GERMANY, at the request of the Council of Regency, the Diet of Brunswick has elected as Regent Prince Albert of Prussia, the Emperor's nephew.—In SPAIN the King is still in weak health, though somewhat better. The dispute with GERMANY regarding the ownership of the Caroline Islands remains as before, but the German Note, which has now been published, declines to consider the Spanish historical claims, and rests the question of ownership on the priority of occupation in August last.—In AUSTRIA the question of the expulsion of Austrian subjects from Prussia has been brought before the Lower House of the Reichsrath. Count Taaffe, however, stated that, in answer to his request for an explanation, the Prussian Government had declared that "the expulsion was regarded as a purely internal measure, necessitated by the changes as regards the language and religious persuasion of the people." Prince William of Hohenzollern, the heir to the throne of Roumania, is seriously ill at Pesh.—In the UNITED STATES there are symptoms of a definitive revival of trade, and Monday's business on the Stock Exchange was the largest transacted for some time.—A British steamer, the *Greyhound*, has been attacked and plundered in China waters by pirates. The captain was killed.—In SOUTH AFRICA a deputation of Stellaland burghers, headed by Captain Ingram, late of Methuen's Horse, has started for Klaxa's country, professedly to offer assistance against the Matabeles.



THE Queen continues her excursions round Balmoral with the various members of the Royal Family. Her Majesty has driven to Glen Cluny through Braemar, to Alt-na-Guithasach, and spent Monday at the Glassalt Shiel. On the previous day the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, had attended Divine Service in Craithie Church, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. As Minister in attendance Sir M. Hicks-Beach has frequently dined with the Queen, while the Earl of Kintore and Sir Howard Elphinstone have been the only other guests.—Special apartments for Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg have been prepared at Windsor Castle—a suite in the south turret, between the York and Victoria Towers, close to the Queen's own rooms.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been in France this week to attend Prince Waldemar's wedding. Before leaving Vienna the Prince was entertained at dinner by the Austrian Emperor at Schönbrunn, and dined with the Vienna Jockey Club, besides strolling about the city and visiting Professor Angeli's studio. Reaching Paris on Saturday night he went immediately to the *soirée* given by the Duc and Duchesse de la Trémoille on their daughter's marriage; while next day he called on President Grévy, and lunched at the British Embassy. On Monday evening he was present at the Duc de Chartres' *soirée*, to celebrate the signing of the marriage contract between Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie of Orleans. The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and most of the Orleans family, together with the Diplomatic Corps were present, and with the Prince of Wales also attended the civil marriage on Tuesday morning. This was performed in due Republican fashion at the Rue d'Anjou Mairie, by the mayor of the arrondissement, the Royal banns having been published as between "M. Waldemar, Prince of Denmark, at Copenhagen, and Mlle. Marie d'Orleans, of 27, Rue Jean Goujon, Paris." Afterwards, the whole wedding party left for the Comte and Comtesse de Paris' seat, at Eu, near Dieppe, where the Queen and Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark and the Princess of Wales with her daughters and Prince George joined them on Wednesday. The Princess of Wales and the Danish Royal Family had left Fredensborg on Sunday in the Royal yacht *Dannebrog* for Lübeck, travelling thence to Cologne, where they inspected the Cathedral and the new portion of the town before leaving for France on Monday night. Owing to the somewhat delicate position occupied by the Orleans Family in France, neither the Czarina nor the Kings of Denmark and the Belgians attended the Royal wedding as originally proposed, and, as the chapel at Eu is very small, the marriage party was limited. There was a grand gala dinner at Eu on Wednesday, and next morning the religious rite was to be performed by the Archbishop of Rouen, the bride being supported by her two great uncles, the Duc d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville, and the bridegroom by the Danish Minister at Paris, Count Moltke and the Duc Decazes. At the close of the wedding festivities the Prince and Princess of Wales were expected to leave immediately on their return home.

The Duchess of Edinburgh kept her thirty-second birthday on Saturday, at Eastwell, the usual honours of bells and salutes being also paid in London and Windsor.—Princess Christian was expected home yesterday (Friday).—The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, with the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess and their little son, have come over on a visit to the Duchess of Cambridge.

NO MORE GOVERNMENT REWARDS for killing rabbits will be paid in South Australia. It has been ascertained that many of those engaged in rabbit-extermination were actually re-stocking new country with the creatures to prevent their employment coming to an end. So for the future lessees and owners of land will have to take up the matter.



BEGINNING ON TUESDAY AT CANTERBURY his first Visitation of the clergy of his Diocese, the Primate delivered, after morning service, a pastoral address to the Dean and Chapter, in the course of which he remarked that, if Churchmen would but study the facts of the Church, there would be much less felt or heard of bores against her or of fears for her.—In the afternoon the Primate unveiled, in the presence of a distinguished assembly, the altar canopy erected in Canterbury Cathedral to the memory of the late Archbishop Tait, on whom he pronounced an affectionate eulogium, saying of him that he had striven, as the inscription on the canopy recorded, to make the Church of England the Church of the people, to make it the poor man's Church.

IN A VERY SPIRITED LETTER, the Bishop of Oxford enters his protest against the scheme for the nationalisation of the Church propounded by the Rev. Mr. Hopps, the Nonconformist minister of Leicester, and referred to in our columns last week. The Bishop is ready to face Disestablishment, but what may remain, "he says, millions or 6½, is our own," he says, and he declines to hand it over to "little coteries of ratepayers." "The very footprint," Dr. Mackarness remarks, "when he has taken the traveller's purse, if he leaves him his coat, allows him to wear it in his own way."

AT THE SOUTH WALES ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Liberator Society, held at Aberdare on Tuesday, a resolution recommending Welshmen to vote for candidates pledged to support the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales as early as possible was altered so as to raise the question of immediate Disestablishment in the new Parliament, and was then carried unanimously.

AT THE QUARTERLY MEETING on Tuesday of the London Baptist Association Mr. Spurgeon ridiculed the prevalent belief in State Socialism and what he called the fancy of trusting to the Government to do everything for the individual citizen, remarking incidentally that, of course, the Government had to give us religion, and everybody knew how they had done it.



BRISTOL TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—The fifth of these Festivals, which were founded in 1873, was held from Tuesday to Friday of the present week. As the scheme is confined to works thoroughly familiar in the metropolis, a brief survey of the programme only is necessary. The solo vocalists engaged are the best obtainable in their several departments. The list includes Madame Allani and Miss Anna Williams, sopranos; Mesdames Patey and Trebelli, contraltos; Messrs. Lloyd, Maas, and Piercy, tenors; Messrs. Santley, Hilton, and Worlock, basses. There is a choir of nearly 400, under Mr. D. W. Rootham; and Mr. Hallé's Manchester Band, under their accomplished conductor, supply the orchestra. The committee, presided over by Mr. William Smith, have—preluding by the criticisms passed, not without justice, at the last Festival—very wisely allowed further time for rehearsals. Two practices were held on Saturday under Mr. Hallé, and two more on Monday. On Tuesday the Festival began with Handel's *Belshazzar*, which was revived during the past season by the Sacred Harmonic Society. In the evening a miscellaneous programme included Brahms' "Trumpet Lied," Svendsen's "Norwegian Rhapsody in C," and some songs. Wednesday morning was set apart for *Elijah*, with Mr. Santley in the part of the Prophet and Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, and Mr. Maas in the other music. In the evening Dvorák's second symphony, Mr. C. H. Lloyd's *Hero and Leander*, produced at last year's Worcester Festival, the pageant march and chorus from Gounod's *Queen of Sheba*, and other works were performed. On Thursday morning Berlioz' *Faust*, the present popularity of which is due largely to Mr. Hallé, was given with Madame Albani, Messrs. Lloyd, Hilton, and Santley in the chief parts, while the evening was set apart for a miscellaneous programme, which included the "Loreley Finale" and the C minor Symphony. On Friday morning the Festival was to conclude with the *Messiah*, with almost the whole strength of the company of artists. The financial prospects of the Festival are, we are glad to hear, fairly good, as the guarantee fund reached nearly 5,000l.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The thirtieth annual season of the Saturday Concerts was inaugurated on Saturday last, when Mr. Prout's Birmingham Symphony was performed for the first time under the conductorship of Mr. Manns. We fully noticed this highly acceptable work during the recent Birmingham Festival, and need therefore only now say how greatly it improves upon acquaintance, and as played by the unrivalled band of the Crystal Palace. The audience received it with warmth, and called the composer to the platform. Another distinct success was won by the *débutante*, a young Welsh pianist, Miss Fanny Davies, a pupil of Mr. Hallé and of Madame Schumann. This lady has many of the gifts which pertain to a player of the first order. Entirely free from sensationalism, she possesses an easy style, her touch is delicate, her command of the keyboard complete, and her mechanism of unerring exactness. Beethoven's Concerto in G is a somewhat trying task for a *débutante*, and Miss Davies seems likely to be heard to even better advantage in works of a lighter and particularly of the romantic school. Mr. Lloyd sang the *serena* from the last part of Mr. Cowen's Birmingham cantata, *Sleeping Beauty*; but Mdlle. Pauline Cramer, who ventured to sing Beethoven's "Invocation to Hope," was sorely out of voice.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Sir Arthur Sullivan, who is expected to arrive in London this week, has disclosed the important fact that he has undertaken to compose a new and original oratorio expressly for the Leeds Festival next year. The work is already begun, and it will occupy half a programme.—Mr. Herbert Reeves, son of the great tenor, is about to join the provincial troupe which is playing the opera bouffe, *Falka*. As Mr. Herbert Reeves is cast for the part of Arthur, he will have to wear women's clothes.—There is said to be some likelihood that the Abbé Liszt will next April pay his first visit to England for forty-five years. He will, it is stated, come to hear the performance of his oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*, and he will probably not play the piano in public.—The fiftieth anniversary of the production at Naples of *Lucia* happened last month. M. Duprez, the original Edgardo, and now an octogenarian, is still alive in Paris.—Mr. A. J. Hipkins has written a lecture on the keyboard instruments which preceded the piano. The lecture was read at the Inventions Exhibition on Wednesday.—Mr. Dannreuther, and not Sir George Grove, is the author of the life of Wagner, to be published in the forthcoming issue of the *Dictionary of Music*.—Madame Marie Rôze was compelled through overwork, combined with a chill, and blood poisoning from an escape of gas in her bedroom, to take a holiday from the Carl Rosa Company. She is now at Worthing,



but will rejoin the troupe at Leeds.—The Promenade Concerts will come to an end on the 2nd prox.; but a fresh season of four weeks will be immediately commenced under the *bâton* of M. Rivière.—In reference to the American concert noticed last week, two United States composers, Professor J. K. Paine of Harvard University, and Mr. G. W. Chadwick of Boston, have, we learn, produced symphonies.—The season at Steinway Hall, London, was inaugurated on Thursday by a recital, with Herr Franz Rummel as pianist, and as vocalist Fräulein Lilli Lehmann, who last year made so great a success at Covent Garden as Isolde.—The programmes of M. Rubinstein's seven historical recitals to be given in London next May are now forthcoming. Among the most interesting are the first programme, which contains pieces for the virginal by Byrd and Bull, and the second, which comprises eight of the most popular of Beethoven's sonatas. The recitals show the progress for three centuries of the music for the piano and its precursors.—The first concert of the new London Select Choir, under Mr. W. G. Cousins, will be given at St. James's Hall, November 24, with Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*.



The appearance of Mrs. Weldon in the character of Mrs. Weldon—for no spectator at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, on Monday evening probably failed to identify the actress with the heroine whom she represented—has redeemed the week so far from the imputation of barrenness to the theatrical point of view. Grave deliberations had, we believe, been held in the secret recesses of the Lord Chamberlain's office regarding the propriety of licensing the play in which Mr. Lander, with some assistance in the way of passages of dialogue from the pen of the lady herself, had undertaken to set forth episodes in the career of Mrs. Weldon, under changed names and other diaphanous disguises. At first sight it would certainly appear that if ever there was a case in which the licenser's power of veto would be usefully exercised it would be one in which living people and their alleged acts are notoriously intended to be identified with certain nefarious personages and proceedings. But those who have witnessed the performance will hardly be disposed to blame the official toleration for a piece which proves to be simply compounded of the old and approved materials of suburban melodrama, including the customary supply of villains and of worthy folk, depicted with strict regard to the recognised canons of the suburban melodramatist's art. It is comforting to think that after all nobody's reputation is likely to suffer much from the dark and dreadful exhibition of scoundrelism which, though too unreal to excite indignation, provided ample occasion for merriment. To see Mrs. Weldon depriving a stalwart madhouse-keeper of consciousness by tapping him gently on the head with what was meant for an iron bar, but looked like a lady's sunshade neatly furled, was considered great fun; still greater was the pitched battle at the end of Act III. where, as the curtain descends, all the good people of the story are seen belabouring, with anything that comes handy, the mad-doctors and their assistants, together with the wicked husband. The dialogue, however, was the chief source of mirth. Refinement is not its characteristic as a rule, as may be inferred from the lady's observation that her husband's friends found excuses for him "because he filled their overloaded stomachs with expensive prog." We are bound, however, to admit that certain passages—the lady's animated description of the difficulties in the way of securing the services of distinguished counsel, for example—amused by their irony and clever satire. Mrs. Weldon, who has now attained to middle age, and is a trifle more portly than "heroine beseeems," disdains not the extraneous arts which nowadays contribute so much to stage success. The quaintly sober attire worn by her in the earlier scenes and suggesting somewhat the quaint fashions of the Salvation "lasses," was exchanged in turn for becoming costumes of brown silk and claret-coloured plush. Her acting, though showing inexperience—particularly in the absence of those little details of action which the practised actress has at command—possesses a certain quiet force. Of pathos she appears to have no command. Her countenance, however, is handsome and expressive, and her delivery is so good that it needs nothing but that knowledge of the stage pitch which experience only can give to make it excellent. But what pleased her indulgent patrons more than all was her cultivated style of singing at the pianoforte her own "Cradle Song," followed by her quondam friend Gounod's "Song of Ruth," and the ballad of "Annie Laurie." The reception of the lady was decidedly friendly; that of Mr. Lander, the author, was of a mixed kind.

A new three-act drama, entitled *Estranged*, which has, if our memory serves us, already seen the light at a morning performance, was produced at the Gaiety on Monday evening. It was not very favourably received; nor had it merit enough to justify us in questioning the verdict of the spectators. At the Gaiety, however, burlesque is the great feature of the bill. As hunger is the best sauce, so the thin and starved humours of the comedy-drama may be said to serve a useful purpose in sharpening the appetite for jokes and gay display when the curtain rises at length upon *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

Mr. Lytton Sothorn appears on Thursday of the present week at the STRAND Theatre in his late father's original character of Lord Dundreary in *Our American Cousin*. Mr. J. S. Clarke plays the part of Asa Trenchard.

TOOLE'S Theatre returns about the end of next month into the hands of its popular proprietor, who has been away on a long round of provincial engagements. He reopens on December 7th.

The death is announced of the pantomimist, Mr. Fred Evans, well known to all visitors to Drury Lane as clown at the Christmas holiday season.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is expected to arrive in England this week from America. As no change in the SAVOY programme is likely to occur for an indefinite time, Sir Arthur has stated that he will probably not commence the music of the next opera till after the new year.

The new comic opera, by Mr. Herman, will be produced at the OPERA COMIQUE next month, when that house will open under the management of Mr. F. J. Harris and Miss Consuelo. Its title is *The Fay o' Fire*. Mr. Frederick Leslie will be a member of the company.

Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Wilson Barrett have in hand a new romantic drama, which Mr. Barrett will take to the United States next autumn. Mr. Jones, in conversation with a representative of the *New York Herald*, stated that the piece would be produced in London first, to secure the copyright, and Mr. Barrett would then sail with it at once.

Mrs. Langtry has been playing throughout the present week at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham; whence she goes successively to the leading houses in Liverpool, Plymouth, Birmingham, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. At the latter house her present season of provincial engagements concludes on the 19th of December next.

The new comic opera, *Erminie*, is to be produced at the COMEDY Theatre on Lord Mayor's Day.

*May Fair* is the title of Mr. Pinero's version of Sardou's *Maison Neuve*, long in preparation at the ST. JAMES'S. It will be produced

on the re-opening of that theatre on Saturday evening next. Mr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will take part in the performance.

The OLYMPIC re-opens under the management of Mrs. Conover this evening, when Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay's romantic drama, entitled *Lost in London*, will be performed for the first time on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Jennings will take his seventeenth annual benefit at the OXFORD on Wednesday next, the 28th inst., when various dramatic celebrities will contribute their quota to the entertainment.

### THE SECOND PART OF "THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS"\*

THE new instalment of the "Greville Memoirs" embraces the period of thirteen years between Her Majesty's accession to the Throne in 1837 and the General Election which, in the autumn of 1852, followed the formation, in the same year, of the first Derby Ministry. It being a period which lies nearer to us than that traversed in the previous volumes, Greville's record of it gains in interest for the present generation what it loses in piquancy through the absence of such gossip as that about George IV. and his Court, and the eccentricities of his successor William IV., which gave the First Part a peculiar flavour so much relished by many readers. Besides, as the years roll on, the diarist's relations to prominent political personages grow more intimate and confidential, and his journal becomes richer in contributions to the secret history of his time. Greville's penetration and honourable character were appreciated by statesmen and public men, who often took him into their confidence, knowing his desire to see the government of the country well and wisely administered. Some of the most interesting of the information thus acquired and preserved by him in his journal throws new light on the alternate resistance and submission of Earl Russell, while still Lord John, to the "spirited" foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. For instance, until the publication of these new volumes, it can have been known but to a very few that only three or four weeks before his animated defence of and eulogium on Lord Palmerston when attacked in connection with the Pacifico affair, Lord John Russell wished the Queen to ask for that very Lord Palmerston's removal from the Foreign Office, a fact of which Greville was informed at the time by the late Duke of Bedford. It was Greville who, when the Melbourne Ministry was tottering to its fall, received the commission from some high Whig personage, whose name he for once suppresses, to make overtures to the friends of Sir Robert Peel for a Coalition, Parliamentary, if not official, with the Moderate Whigs and Lord John Russell. The latter was weary of the pressure put on him by his Radical allies, and reluctant to follow whither they wished to lead him, at a time when the late Baron Parke was predicting that in five years England would be a Republic. When the Melbourne Ministry did finally fall, and the Queen acceded to Sir Robert Peel's wishes in the matter of the Ladies of her Household, it was Greville who, being characteristically asked by Lord Melbourne, "Have you any means of speaking to these chaps?" and, replying in the affirmative, was asked by his interlocutor, the ex-Premier, to give from him a few useful hints to his successor, regarding his demeanour towards his Royal Mistress. Peel received them gratefully, and, after his first interview with his Sovereign on taking office, he told Greville that he was "more than satisfied, he was charmed with her." This is not the only instance recorded by Greville of a display of *bonhomie* by a ruling Minister to his successor. When virtually dismissed from office in 1852 for expressing approval of the *Coup d'Etat*, Lord Palmerston gave three hours of instruction and advice to his successor at the Foreign Office, Lord Granville, and even praised the "sagacity" of the Queen whose displeasure had necessitated his resignation.

Greville was a Conservative-Liberal, whose great desire was for a strong and effective Government, as little wedded to an obsolete Toryism as to what he considered to be a destructive Radicalism. After the fall of the feeble Russell Ministry of 1846-52, when Lord Palmerston took his revenge on Lord John Russell for extruding him from office, it is curious to see how confidently Greville predicts that if the Conservatives would give up Protection they would be joined by Lord Palmerston and the Peelites. Nor was the prediction at all unwarrantable. On the occasion of Mr. Disraeli's motion in 1851, recommending legislation for the relief of owners and occupiers of land, which the Russell Ministry defeated by a majority of only seven votes, Sir James Graham, one of the most experienced of the Peelites, told Greville that Mr. Gladstone himself "had a great mind" to vote on that question with the Opposition. Of Mr. Disraeli (who asked him to review in the *Times* his "Life" of their "mutual friend," Lord George Bentinck) Greville speaks with as great distrust as of Lord Palmerston, whom, after a visit to Broadlands, he describes as "full of a swaggering diplomacy." Greville's estimates of public or prominent men, it must be admitted, are sometimes inconsistent with each other. But his deliberately drawn characters of them, when they go over to the majority, are generally excellent. Among the most striking of these is the sketch of Sir Robert Peel, of whom Greville was by no means an enthusiastic admirer, frequently reproaching him with his over-caution, his coldness, and his want both of sympathy and of knowledge of human nature. But after his death Greville charitably ascribes what seemed questionable in Peel's career to the false position in which he was placed during most of his public life, until at last, "if his party were disgusted with him, he was no less disgusted with them." Another able and impartial character-sketch is that of the Duke of Wellington, to whom Greville's brother was private secretary, with whom he was very intimate, and of whose political unselfishness and subordination of party spirit and personal feeling to his sense of public duty he almost always speaks with admiring respect. But he admits that the hero was a "hard" man. On the other hand, the account which Greville gives of his devotion to the fair sex will surprise those who are accustomed to think of the victor of Waterloo as the "Iron Duke."

In style and general characteristics the new volumes do not differ from those which preceded them. Always severe to others, Greville is, however, perhaps more severe to himself in the second than in the first part of the "Memoirs." He laments frequently the vacuity of his life and the deficiencies of his culture; and, when he visits a national school, he contrasts, to the disadvantage of his own class, the imperfect education which had been received by himself and his contemporaries and coevals with that bestowed on the children of the poor. Eulogising the English aristocracy, Lord Beaconsfield speaks of "the sustained splendour of their stately lives;" Greville, who saw as much of them as most people, dwells mainly on the inanity and frivolity of aristocratic existence; and, as regards "the Royal circle" itself—he was occasionally a dinner-guest at Windsor—he complains bitterly of its extreme dullness. Though a man of the world, he seems to have had a supreme scorn for pusillanimity, falsehood, and deceit in high places. Part II. strengthens the impression produced by Part I., that he was honourable and truthful, and is to be trusted as a faithful reporter of what he saw and heard. A third part is to be published, bringing his journal down to the close of 1860; but already "The Greville Memoirs" are indispensable to the student of the Victorian era. Mr. Reeve has performed his editorial task with his usual ability; though we think it would have been better if he had omitted a questionable reference to Lord Melbourne's paternity. His notes

\* "The Greville Memoirs" (Second Part). A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria, from 1837 to 1852. By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council. (3 vols. Longmans, Green, and Co.)

are as instructive as they are concise, and often embody new and interesting information.



THE SEASON.—After a rainy period which was adverse to threshing, but was otherwise not unseasonable or disadvantageous, we have since had weather with a keen air and a temperature six degrees below the average. The pastures have not, perhaps, so much on them now as usual, and winter feeding this year is beginning decidedly early. The turnips and other crops put in by diligent farmers immediately after harvest look healthy, but have grown but slowly. In the North a good many fields of oats, which farmers knew would never ripen, have been cut green; and we fear that some barley, and even wheat, has shared the same fate. The potato harvest is proving better than was at first anticipated, and wheat sowing has been commenced in good time, though present prices are most discouraging to growers of cereal crops.

GRAIN SUPPLIES are large, as they always are in the quarter following the new harvest. Barley deliveries have now become very heavy; 137,000 qrs. at 187 markets in a single week. The price of barley has given way under this exceptional strain, and is now about 2s. lower than the currencies quoted at the beginning of the month. The inquiry for wheat, however, has been sufficient to keep up prices, and most foreign sorts are very firmly held. The demand for flour is improving; on Monday, at Mark Lane, nearly 40,000 freshly arrived sacks, English and foreign, were on offer without the general firm tone being affected. Forty thousand sacks per week is no wonderful abundance, but it is quite sufficient to depress the market in a really dull time. The American maize harvest is now stated to be the largest ever grown, and may even equal two milliards of bushels.

RECENT SHOWS.—The principal Show in the provinces has been the Birmingham display of shorthorns. The sale, which followed the Show, gave fair returns, and the depression in shorthorn prices seems to be lightening somewhat. The sale of shorthorns at Ballywalter, in Ireland, did not, however, give any big prices, in fact, eighty-five guineas was the best recorded. A small but excellent Dairy Show at Dublin has gone off well. The shorthorn, Ayrshire, and Channel Island cattle must be held to have considerably eclipsed the native Kerries.

MILK.—Despite the half-hearted conduct of the recent gathering at Islington when the subject of "butterine" came on for discussion, the Dairy Conference must be held to have done some substantial good. In the first place it has called attention to the absolute need for a legal standard of purity for milk. The ordinary analyst fixes 11½ per cent. of solids as the minimum which pure milk should contain, but 12½ per cent. is the minimum of some of the big new companies, and the whole question requires legislative settling, seeing how closely the laws against adulteration are involved in the matter. Another good work done by the Conference was emphasising the value of *separated* milk. This is pure and sweet milk separated from its cream by a centrifugal machine immediately after being drawn from the cow. Its value as a food for children is asserted to exceed that of the unseparated milk, and it can be sold at a profit for 2½d. where the regular milk costs 5d. Of the sixty per cent. of the cost of the milk which goes to the agent, and not to the producer, Canon Bagot appears to think that thirty per cent. is the *bona fide* intrinsic and inevitable cost of distribution from the shop to the houses of householders.

MR. JAMES HOWARD is one of the most energetic of agricultural Members. Last week he was writing to the *Times* urging more vigorous measures of protection for grazing farmers on the Privy Council. This week he has been attending a political meeting urging a vigorous maintenance of Free Trade in the interest of cereal farmers, whose wheat is down to 30s. through foreign competition. That English agriculture is at the verge of ruin is readily conceded by the cheerful Member for Bedford, but he would revive it by lowering rents, abolishing all restrictions on cropping or sale of produce, giving an indefeasible title to improvements of every description, and also by giving fixity of tenure as in favour of the tenant, but not in favour of the landlord. The programme is interesting reading, but how does Mr. Howard get over the awkward fact that where all these "disabilities" are already removed, where men are already farming their own land, still no agricultural profits can be made at present prices, with the present taxes and assessments, and with present foreign competition?

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE knows as well as most men how the wind blows, and it is noticeable that at Reading on Saturday he advocated the most extended policy of rural decentralisation. He would give to every country parish, *i.e.*, to a majority of the ratepayers, the power to buy any private land in the parish, with or without the owner's consent, and to give, lease, or let it in allotments to the resident peasantry. Free education and the suppression of public-houses were two other matters which he would leave to the parish. Concerning this remarkable set of opinions, we shall do well to remember the rebuke given in a new book, dedicated by permission to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain: "If any one says these things are Communism, we answer they are *not*!"—a reply which might have silenced Aristotle.

MR. TREVELYAN, on Saturday, assured a rural gathering in Somerset that the County Member of the future would not be "a man who went occasionally to a ploughing match or a flower show, but one who would make speeches in twenty or thirty or forty villages!" And Lord Macaulay's nephew sat down, doubtless with the feeling that he had settled the question of the past against the future once and for all. But what does sleepy Somerset really think of the prospect?

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—So late as October 15th we observed a couple of house martins flying round some of the old houses in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.—On the 17th inst. a great fish was caught in the fishermen's nets off Folkestone. On being brought to shore it was identified as a true shark, and, as it was fully seven feet long, with a most formidable mouth, its advent a little earlier in the year might have had some effect upon the bathing season at this fashionable watering-place.

### LEGAL

THE LORD CHANCELLOR's usual reception of the Judges and other legal functionaries, previous to the re-opening of the Courts of Law after the Long Vacation, takes place on Monday at noon.

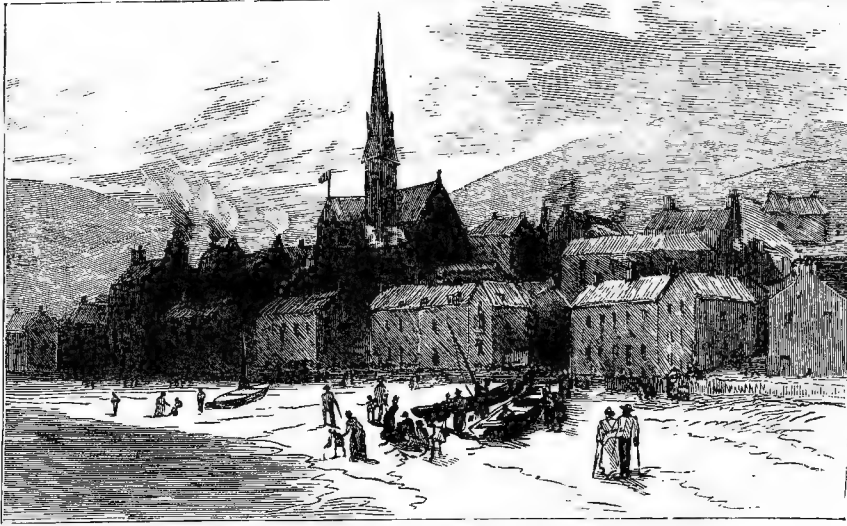
TRUE BILLS HAVE BEEN FOUND by the Grand Jury against the five defendants in the Armstrong case. The Attorney-General will conduct the prosecution. All the defendants, except Mr. Stead, are to be represented by counsel. Mr. Charles Russell, M.P., is one of the counsel for Rebecca Jarrett.

AT THE GUILDHALL POLICE COURT imprisonment for fourteen days with hard labour was, instead of a fine, the punishment adjudged to a journeyman packing-case maker, one of several on strike, for threatening, with the object of intimidating, a new hand who had entered the service of his former employer. The threats had been followed by assaults of the prisoner's fellow-pickers on the complainant.

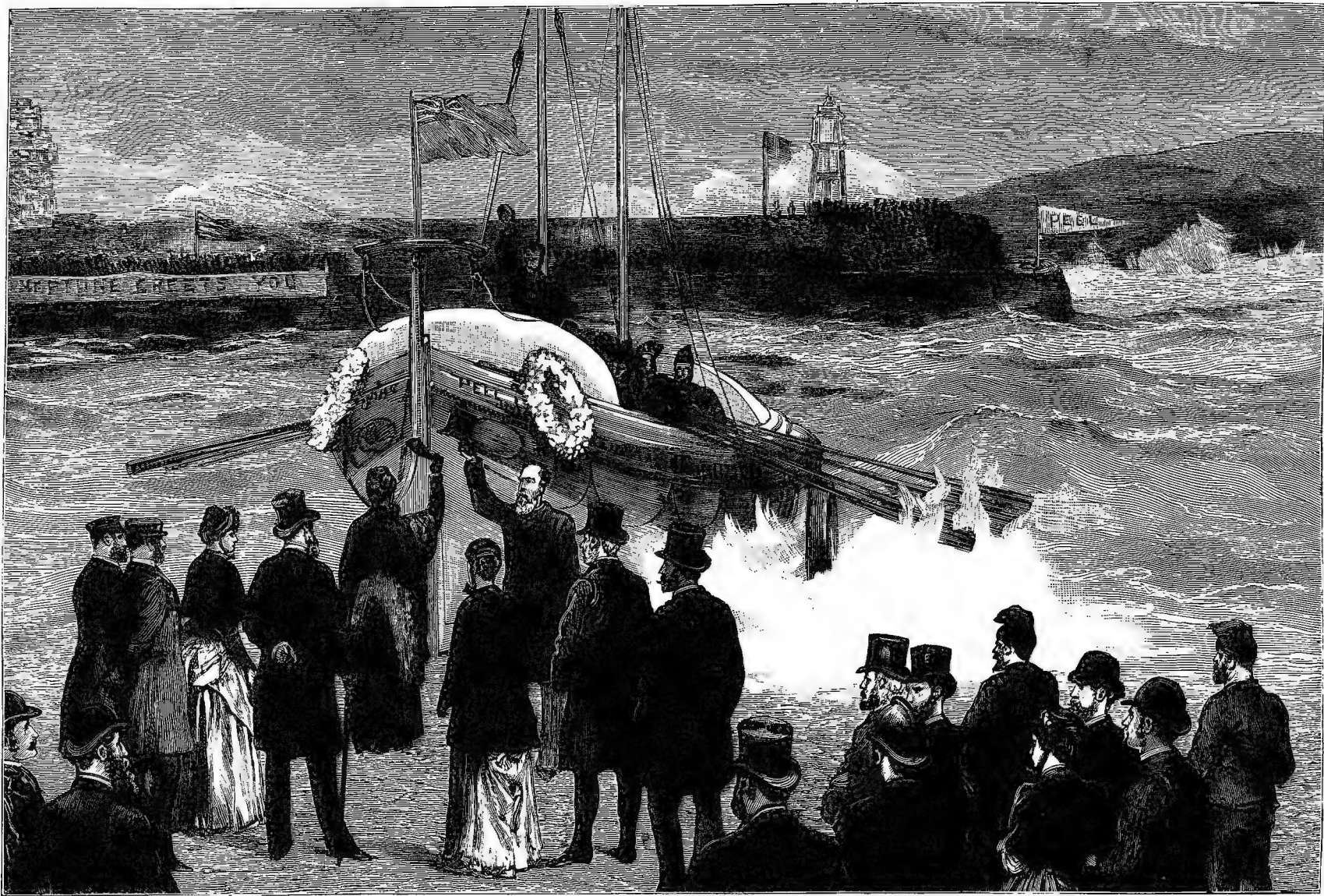




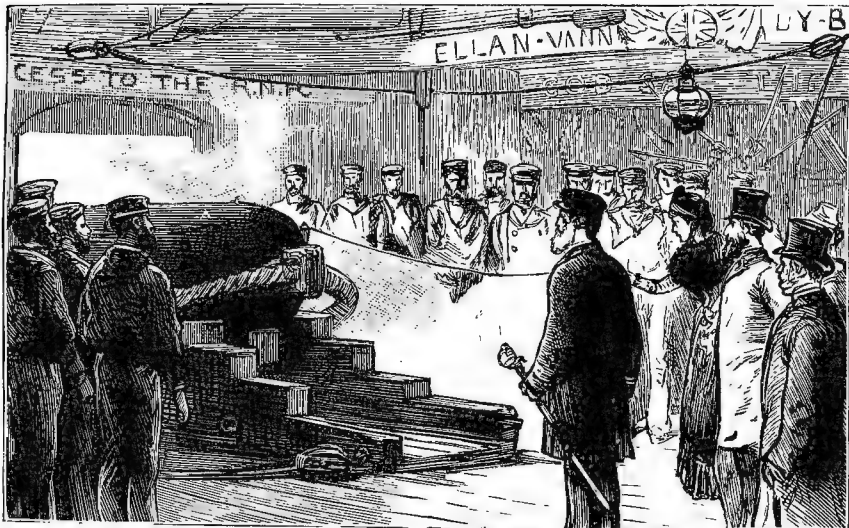
PEEL CASTLE AND HARBOUR



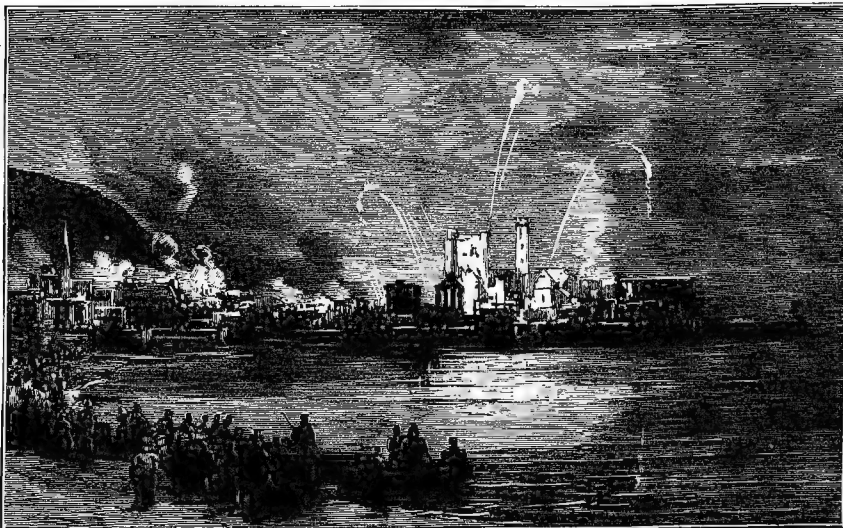
VIEW OF PEEL, SHOWING THE NEW CATHEDRAL



THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW LIFEBOAT



MRS. SPENCER WALPOLE (WIFE OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR)  
FIRING THE FIRST GUN AT THE NEW BATTERY



PEEL CASTLE AND THE TOWN ILLUMINATED

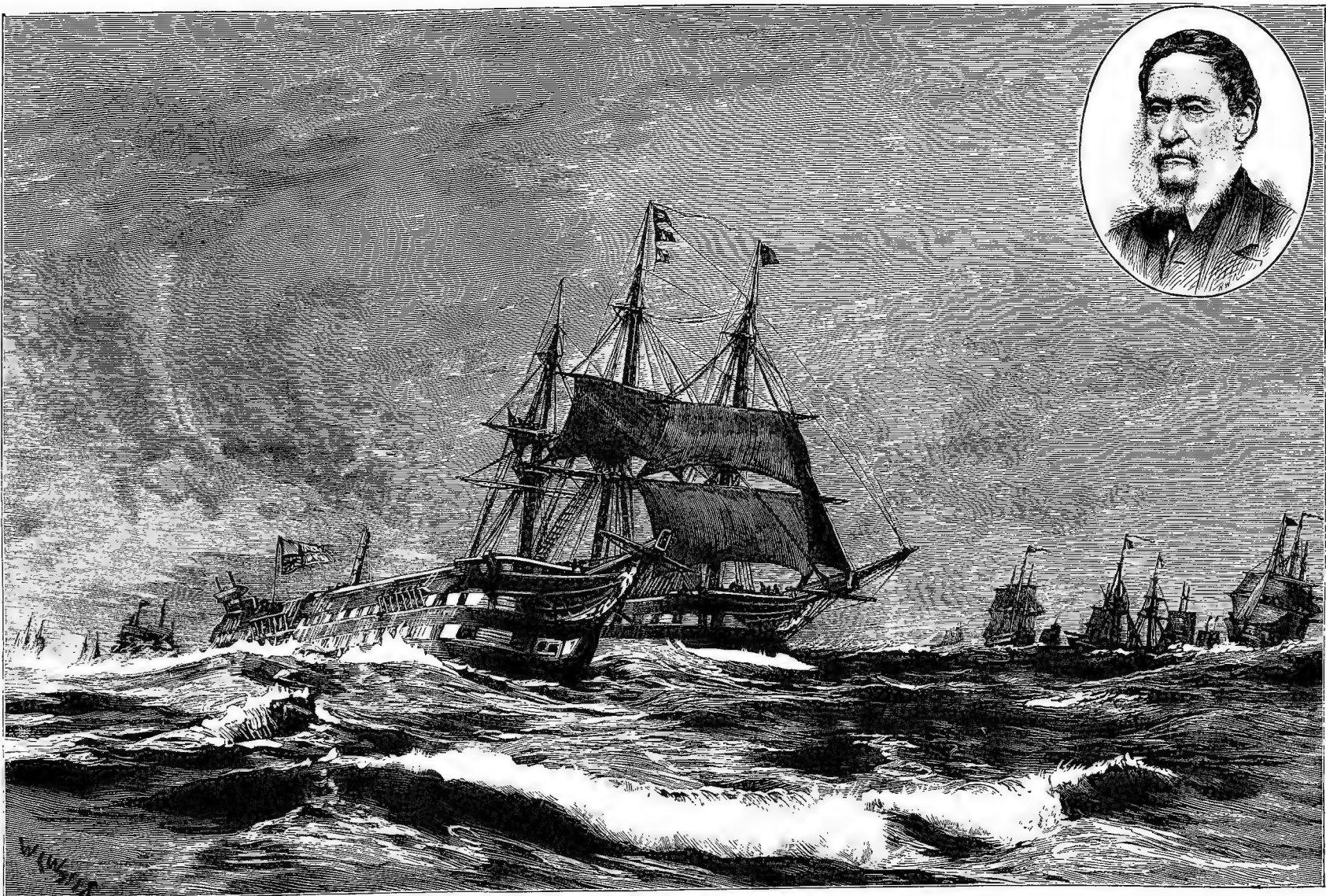
THE LAUNCH OF A NEW LIFEBOAT, AND OPENING OF THE NAVAL RESERVE BATTERY AT PEEL,  
ISLE OF MAN





THE UNVEILING AT DERBY OF A STATUE TO THE LATE MR M. T. BASS

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES FYNMORE  
From a Photograph taken recently at the age of 92



THE EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, FOUGHT OCTOBER 21, 1805—ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD  
COLLECTING HIS FLEET THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE

FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES FYNMORE, R.M.L.I., SOLE SURVIVING OFFICER OF THE BATTLE,  
IN WHICH HE TOOK PART AS A MIDSHIPMAN



# The Huguenots in England

(Continued from page 464)

and though he left the service, and soon obtained distinction in another profession, was serving on board the ship that brought home French prisoners after the Battle of Waterloo.

In 1687 twelve new churches were built for the refugees in the counties where they had settled, and two in London in addition to those already existing, and in 1718 it was computed that 13,500 refugees settled in London, and 2,000 at the seaports where they landed. Of these there were 140 families of "persons of quality," 143 ministers and their families, 144 families of lawyers, physicians, merchants, and traders, the rest being artificers and agriculturists. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the Huguenot element has largely entered into modern English society, and we may cease to wonder at the frequency with which French names or the modification of them appear in the list of persons who have filled more or less distinguished positions in almost every station of life in London and the large towns of England. Norwich, Southampton, Sandwich, Coventry, Bristol, Plymouth, Exeter, Dover, Canterbury, and many other towns had their contingents of Huguenots busily employed in the industries which were suitable for each locality, and churches, the history of which is full of interest. In London itself the Huguenot churches and chapels were very numerous, several of them having been built in Spitalfields and the neighbourhood, which became the head-quarters of the silk weavers, one of the most considerable trades introduced by the French refugees. Most of the churches have either disappeared as the descendants of the Huguenots became associated with the Church of England or the Nonconformist communities. Many of the buildings have been transferred to Nonconformist denominations, but some of the more distinguished either remain or have been superseded by modern buildings of which the French Protestant origin is recognised. One of the most interesting of those which has recently been demolished was the old French Church at Wandsworth, where a community of Huguenots had settled, a number of whom were employed in the manufacture of hats. This Church was situated in a court nearly opposite the parish church. It was originally built in 1573, enlarged in 1685, repaired in 1809, when it had become the property of the Evangelical Association, and again in 1831. It had become famous because of John Wesley having frequently preached there, and for some time it was in the charge of Rowland Hill. In 1882 it was taken down, and the present Wandsworth Memorial Mission Hall was built on the site by the Wandsworth Congregational Church.

Among the churches which were transferred was "Les Grecs," or the Greek Church, in Dudley Court, Hog Lane (afterwards called Crown Street), Soho. It was built in 1677 for a Greek congregation, but as soon afterwards as 1685 was used as a chapel by the Huguenots. Hogarth's celebrated picture of "Noon" represents the old chapel, and the pastor who is coming out of the door is the Rev. Thomas Hervé, who officiated there 1727-1731, and was the grandfather of Mr. Richard Hervé Giraud.

We have already referred to the church in St. Martin's-le-Grand as representing the most ancient of the Huguenot churches, which formerly stood in Threadneedle Street. The records and registers of this church are exceedingly interesting, and it has usually been accepted as being the representative "French Church" ever since it was opened in 1843, though it was of course no more representative than other transposed or amalgamated churches, of which that of St. Jean, in Shoreditch, now belonging to the Church of England, was affiliated to the old Walloon church, and the present "Church of the Savoy," which may be said to represent the Old French Church near the Strand, and Les Grecs in Soho, though it is situated in Bloomsbury Street.

The church in St. Martin's-le-Grand has, however, always held an important position, though it may not be distinctively Huguenot, because of its having been originally associated with the churches of other than Huguenot refugees; the Synods which held conferences as to Church matters having been composed of representatives from the Walloon and French congregations.

Of late years, however, the Rev. W. G. Daugars, the Minister, who was chosen by the Consistory to preach the inauguration sermon in 1843, and has ever since been pastor of the Church, has claimed to be the representative, as the Church is the striking memorial, of the French Protestants in London, and by his great ability and eloquence, no less than by the long period during which he has officiated in the midst of a congregation consisting largely of the descendants of the Huguenots, he may be regarded as one of the most eminent of the French Protestant Ministers.

The Church of the Savoy, Bloomsbury Street, has a pleasing distinction in its association with the Westminster French Protestant School for Girls, which, as its name implies, was established in Westminster (in 1747) for the clothing, board, and education of a certain number of girls, descendants of French Huguenot refugees. This school, which was removed in 1846 to Bloomsbury Street to premises built for it, next to the French Church, receives girls of from seven to eleven years of age, who remain till they attain the age of 14½, being trained for domestic service, their school instruction including the three R's—reading both in French and English—and singing, the latter accomplishment enabling them to form a choir for leading the singing at the Church. The School is supported chiefly by voluntary subscriptions, and there are always a number of applicants, descendants of veritable Huguenots, who cannot be received because of the want of larger funds.

## "LA PROVIDENCE"

THE Central Institution, around which gather the traditions and memorials of the Huguenots in England, is the French Protestant Hospital, or, to give it its full title, "the Hospital for Poor French Protestants and their Descendants Residing in Great Britain." The Directors of that Institution (thirty-seven or more in number, according to the Charter) are almost without exception representatives of Huguenot families, some of whose ancestors were distinguished in France, or gained high distinction in this country. So well is the representative character of the Institution itself recognised, that the indefatigable Honorary Secretary, Mr. A. Giraud Browning, has in conjunction with some of the Directors succeeded in a few months in forming a Huguenot Society of London, which already numbers nearly 200 members in all parts of the country, as well as in France and the United States of America, and has Sir Henry Austen Layard for its first President.

We have seen how the exiled ministers found themselves with churches and congregations, and the poorer Huguenot Refugees, frugal, industrious, and ingenious, mostly prospered, and rejoiced in the liberty to worship God according to their own religious belief. Manufactories, private enterprise, the establishment of new industries, followed their settlement, but the tide of immigration had been great, and the committees who had the distribution of the funds for relief discovered that they had more to do than to give immediate and temporary aid and advice to the distressed. A more permanent institution became necessary as time went on, in order to make provision for the aged and the destitute, and to succour the sick and the afflicted.

The "Royal Bounty," as it was well called, though it may be very well supposed that James II. yielded rather to the pressure of public opinion and to the constant exhibition of humanity to the Refugees, than to any convictions he may have felt as to the claims

of Protestants to freedom in their religion, added to the contributions of the wealthier Huguenots, had hitherto sufficed for temporary relief, and nothing was really set on foot for the foundation of a refuge until 1708, when, on the death of M. Jacques de Gastigny, a French gentleman, who had found a refuge in Holland, and become Master of the Hounds to William of Orange, with whom he came to England, it was discovered that he had left 1,000*l.* for the foundation of a hospital—500*l.* for the building and the interest of the other moiety for its maintenance. This fund was, of course, altogether inadequate; but the distributors of the "Royal Bounty" took the matter in hand, invested the legacy at accumulating interest, made a general canvass of the principal families of the Refugees and of their own friends, collected contributions, and at last, after some years, purchased a piece of land of the Ironmongers' Company for 999 years. This land was situated beside a pathway (now Bath Street) in the parish of St. Luke's, and stood open to the fields which skirted the road leading to Hoxton. Upon this they built the first portion of the hospital, and at once received eighty inmates; but, more help coming in, and notably several donations from the Duchesse de la Force, and a splendid gift of 4,000*l.* from Philippe Hervart, Baron d'Huningue, they bought another adjoining piece of ground, erected additional buildings, and laid out a sort of ornamental garden, or pleasure. They were then able to receive 230 inmates, including the sick in the infirmary, and some who had become insane through affliction and persecution.

The first foundation was concluded in 1718, in which year the Directors obtained a charter from George I., and were created a body politic, under the title of "Governors and Directors of the French Hospital for Poor French Protestants and their Descendants Residing in Great Britain." The charity was established by a solemn religious service, attended by a great concourse of Refugees, and celebrated by Philippe Menard, Minister of the French Chapel at St. James's, on November 12th, 1718. This gentleman became the first Minister and Hon. Secretary of the Hospital, and his portrait is preserved in the present Court Room.

The Hospital, which because of its beneficent purpose and the refuge it afforded for those in want, perplexity, or distress, came to be known by the name of "La Providence," was well supported. Its first Governor was Henri de Massue, second Marquis de Ruvigny and Earl of Galway, the son of the first Marquis de Ruvigny, the famous Statesman and Ambassador who, though he was a Huguenot, came to England on a mission to Charles II., was trusted by Louis XIV., as many of the noble Huguenots were, because of their integrity, before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and whose sister married Thomas, Earl of Southampton. The second daughter of this lady was Rachel, who married Lord Vaughan, and at his death William, Earl Russell. Thus the doubly-widowed Rachel Russell was cousin to the first Governor of the French Hospital, who was himself one of the most distinguished men in England, having abandoned France because of the persecutions, and supported William of Orange, from whom he held a command at the Battle of the Boyne, and for his services was made Earl of Galway.

At the end of the last century there were fewer claimants to those provisions of the French Hospital, which added to its character as a refuge for the poor and aged descendants of the Huguenots that of an asylum for the sick and the insane. At the same time the cessation of the persecution had, of course, made so many calls upon the wealthier Huguenots and their friends unnecessary, and the directors had to consider how to increase the funds and to decrease that part of their establishment which was no longer needed. Some portion of the building was removed, the part left being about the size of the original structure. In 1808 an Act of Parliament was obtained enabling them to build on that portion of the land around which the new streets of St. Luke's had already been commenced.

Upon this ground now stand Radnor Street, Galway Street, Gastigny Place, and part of Bath Street; the old building, once the scene of so much distress and of so much consolation, has disappeared, and a Board School stands on its site.

The entrance in 1865 was by a doorway in a blank wall in Bath Street, and the building was a plain brick structure, overlooking a great walled garden laid out in primitive beds and walks. Beyond the high walls, once skirted by pleasant fields and open country, tall tenements shut out the view, and the garden itself had about it an inexpressible air of decay. There was little of a picturesque character in the large bare room used as a refectory, or in the clean wards, well supplied with quaint little nooks of cupboards, and each furnished with those queer spindle-legged wooden bedsteads covered by dimity hangings which might have belonged to them at their first installation. But, on the other hand, there was an air of comfort and repose about the whole place, and especially in the obvious regard for individual convenience, which separated it altogether from those more mechanically-dispensed "charities" that bespeak of an approach to pauperdom. There was nothing of this kind of alms-giving in the "Providence." It was a refuge for those who claimed and received careful attention at the hands of friends who knew the causes of their misfortunes and gave their help lovingly; and that this characteristic was preserved might be seen in the quaint old furniture of the rooms, in the plain but respectable and undistinguishing dress of the inmates, and in the freedom with which they were permitted, by application to the steward, to go and visit their friends, or to receive visits from any of those who cared for them.

The board-room was, perhaps, in its way, one of the most extraordinary apartments in all London; for in it were retained those wonderful oval tables with a multiplicity of legs, that make them look like a highly-enlarged mechanical puzzle; the high-backed shining anatomies of chairs, their morocco seats worn to a russet brown, like the covers of an old dictionary; the old prints with French inscriptions, recording how the Huguenots worshipped in the Clerk's Field during the old troublous times, and portraits of former founders, the most prominent of which was that of "Henry de Massue, Marquis de Ruvigny, Earl of Galloway," the first Governor.

## THE PRESENT HOSPITAL

By the increased value of the land, with occasional contributions, legacies, and benefactions, which continue at the present day, the Directors were able to erect the admirably characteristic building which stands in its own grounds in South Hackney, on the north side of Victoria Park, and affords a home, provided with every comfort, for twenty men and forty women, being aged and poor descendants of French Protestant Refugees. The building and its details may be said to have been the result of a labour of love, for the late Mr. Robert Rounieu, the architect, was himself of Huguenot descent. His son, Mr. Reginald St. Aubyn Rounieu, is honorary architect of the Institution.

The style of the building is that of the Old French Château. The high roofs, peculiar towers, and spire-like coverings, together with the use of external colour and the quaint irregularity of outline, produce such a varied combination of hues and groupings, that the aspect of the building is singularly picturesque.

These details of the new hospital are admirably carried out; and the appearance of the exterior, admirable as it is, is well supplemented by all the internal decorations and the fittings of the various apartments—designed for the accommodation of sixty inmates, besides the resident officers and servants of the Institution. The building, which stands in a garden of more than three acres in extent, enclosed by an ornamental wall, decorated with coloured brick, is reached by passing through a handsome lodge-gate

conducting to the path leading to the entrance-hall, a handsome area, paved with encaustic tiles, and having a high dado of the same material. Beneath an arched ceiling of variegated brick and a pair of screen arches a flight of steps leads to the central corridor. This corridor gives access to every part of the building, and a double stone staircase opposite the entrance is appropriated respectively to the men and the women, while two separate staircases belong to the servants and to the steward.

The refectory and the Committee Rooms are in excellent keeping, and the Court Room is very characteristic, and contains several excellent pictures and portraits, among which are those of James de Gastigny, the founder, the Marquis de Ruvigny, the first Governor, the Right Hon. Earl Radnor, who, as the present Governor, succeeds the late Earl and former noble members of the Bouverie family, and the respected Deputy-Governor, Mr. Richard Hervé Giraud, who is now in his 85th year, and has for forty years given his great ability and untiring industry to the benefit of the hospital.

A word should be said about the class from which the inmates of this Huguenot institution is taken. Any one visiting the large, handsome sitting-room occupied by the women, or the day-room or smoking-room of the men, may see the evidence of the French descent in many faces, and hear it in the accent of some of them. It is sometimes supposed that the institution was filled by disabled weavers from Spitalfields and Bethnal Green; but this is not the case, although undoubtedly a vast number of Huguenots who lived in Spitalfields, and in the tall, gloomy houses of some of its ancient streets, where the top rooms were lighted by great diamond-paned leaden casements, wrought the rich fabrics which made the district famous. Many of these, and their children and their children's children, claimed the benefits of the hospital. Their descendants are to be seen there now, and they preserve many of the qualities—the bright alacrity, the independence, the quick eye for colour, the gaiety, and the courage of their race. One of the latest additions to the large day-room devoted to the men is a loom for weaving dress silk, and instead of being an exacting engine it is now a cherished plaything.

It has been supposed by many people that there are now neither descendants of the Huguenots, nor weavers in Bethnal Green and Spitalfields. One of our illustrations represents the workroom of a weaveress in the neighbourhood between the two districts, and is a very good example of the rooms usually inhabited by the weavers of the last few years, now that the tall houses in old Spitalfields, with their great leaden casements, have mostly disappeared.

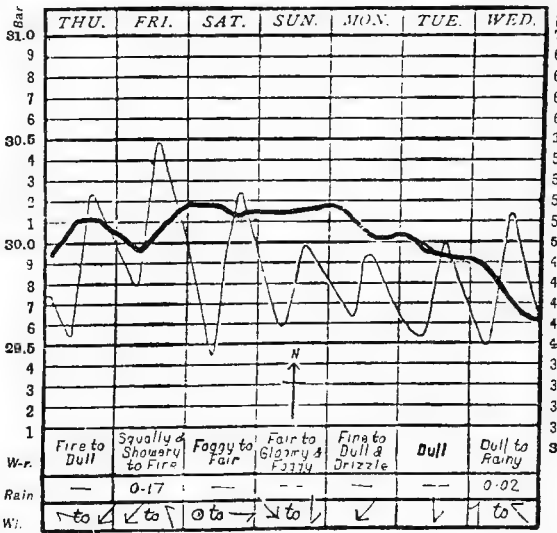
Silk weaving is a depressed industry indeed, and little of it is done in London, but there are perhaps two thousand weavers in the old neighbourhoods, and, curiously enough, there is a demand in France for some Spitalfields makes of silks, especially for ties and neck scarves. It is in weaving these that the weaveress of our illustration is engaged, but she and her working brotherhood and sisterhood cannot contrive to make more than a poor and arduous life of it. The old prosperity of the Huguenot weavers ceased long ago, though the children of the Huguenots remain.

From all that has been said here it will be obvious that "La Providence," the French Protestant Hospital, Victoria Park Road, is still a living and robust representative institution of the refugees who gave such a remarkable impetus to British prosperity, and it is not to be wondered at that at that institution the Huguenot descendants should on Thursday have held a remarkable commemoration of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which gave their ancestors a home in England by driving them from France. The celebration was commenced by a special service at the old Church of St. Matthew, Bethnal Green, after which the Directors of the Hospital entertained the members of the Huguenot Society, and a large number of other representatives of the old Refugees, in the spacious rooms and corridors of the Hospital. In the beautiful Chapel of the institution papers were read suitable to the occasion, the hymns of Marot were sung to the music of Goudimel, the composer who perished in the Bartholomew Massacre, the national songs of the Camisards and the Huguenots' ancestors were heard once more, and a very interesting collection of specimens of silk, metal work, and other Huguenot industries was exhibited, along with numerous memorials and curiosities associated with Hugueno history and tradition.

THOMAS ARCHER

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which their occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Islands during this period has been more settled than of late, but temperature has continued to rule rather low, and mist or fog has prevailed locally. At the commencement of the week pressure was high (30.4 inches) in the South of our Islands and in Scandinavia, with cold Northerly winds, and fair weather over the greater part of the country; but as a depression in the mean time travelled North-Westerly across France, North-Easterly or Easterly winds of some strength prevailed over the Southern and South-Western portion of the country, and South-Easterly winds over France and the South-East of England, with rain. As this moved away Westwards the mercury quickly increased in height in the South, but decreased steadily in the North, so that very uniform readings were found over our Islands by Saturday. Anticyclonic conditions were now experienced generally; calm and light air (with local mist or fog) and dull cool weather prevailing in most places. By Monday slight gradients had formed for Northerly winds over the greater part of the United Kingdom, and moderate gradients for Easterly breezes over the Channel and France, with, however, no material change in the weather. At the close of the week a shallow depression was formed on Wednesday morning. This was attended by strong Southerly winds over the South-West of England, with rain, and moderate Easterly breezes in the North of Ireland, and fair weather. Elsewhere very light airs and dull weather were experienced. Temperature has again been below the average generally.

The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Friday (16th inst.); lowest (29.13 inches) on Wednesday (21st inst.); range 0.57 inches.

The temperature was highest (60) on Friday (16th inst.); lowest (37) on Saturday (17th inst.); range 23°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.19 inch. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.17 inch on Friday (16th inst.)



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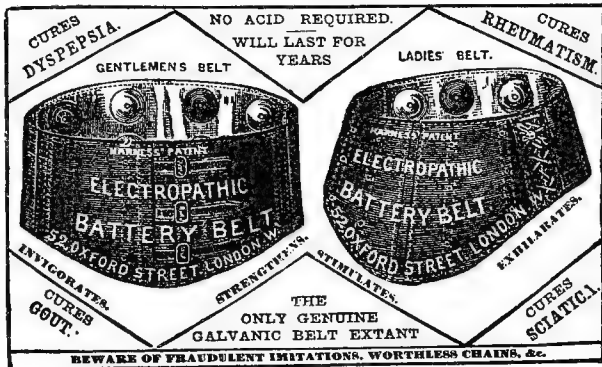
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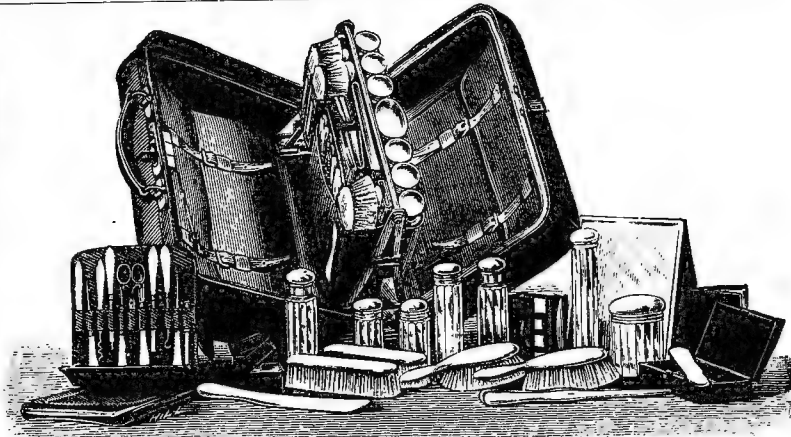
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## MINE TO-DAY. Isidore de Lara.

## MINE TO-DAY. Isidore de Lara.

## DARLING MINE. L. Engel.

## ONCE AND FOR EVER. (Words

## CAUGHT. Words by Ed. Oxenford.

## ANGEL WINGS. A. Romili.

## ANGEL WINGS. In E flat and G.

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# THE HUGUENOTS IN ENGLAND:

A NARRATIVE COMMEMORATING THE  
BICENTENARY OF THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES, OCTOBER 22ND, 1685.

THE MEMORIAL CELEBRATION of the Bi-centenary of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes is a large mouthful, to utter which almost requires French alacrity of speech; but sonorous and high-pitched as the words may seem, they only fitly recall a very significant event—significant not alone to the descendants of those Refugees who fled from the persecution in France to find a home in England, and, in fact, to become Englishmen and Englishwomen; but to the English nation, which derived inestimable advantages from the permanent settlement in its midst of numbers of the best artificers, artists, and scholars in the world.

Foreign merchants and handicraftsmen had been protected and encouraged in England from very early times, as may be seen from charters in the reign of Edward I., and before that period; but the

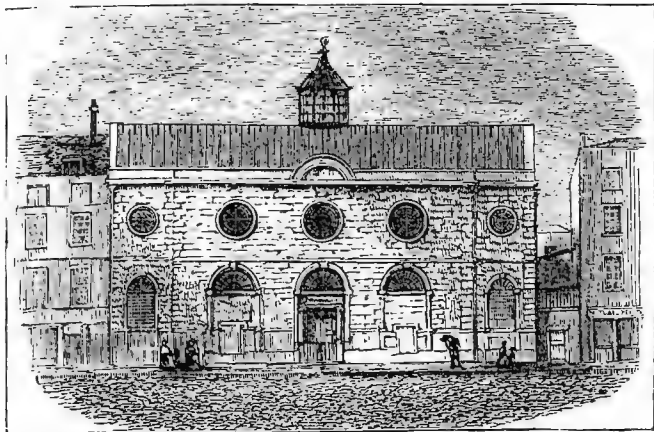
to preach to the Protestants in London, and whose name was Jean a Lasco. "I could wish," said Latimer, "that we could collect together such valuable persons in this kingdom, it would be the means of ensuring its prosperity. 'He who receives you,' said our Saviour, 'receives me.'" Some time after this in 1555 the King granted a Charter to all the foreign Protestants for the exercise of their religion, and also granted to them the Church of the Augustine Friars (afterwards the Dutch Church, Austinfriars), appointing John a Lasco to be their superintendent. The number of French Protestants and Huguenots seeking an asylum in England had increased in 1549, when the inauguration of Henry II. in Paris was celebrated by the burning of martyrs in the streets, and the imprisonment, banishment, and execution of others.

The charter had especial reference to the Huguenots, or French Protestant *émigrés*; but the Dutch were permitted to share the church in Austinfriars, which was granted to "strangers," and was called the Temple of Jesus. It was soon found, however, that there was some difficulty in two congregations using the same church on all occasions; and therefore, on the 16th October, 1550, a lease for twenty-one years was obtained of the Church of St. Anthony's Hospital in Threadneedle Street, "for the use of the French and Dutch Churches, for sermons and administrations of Sacraments." This church was burnt down in the Great Fire of London, and was rebuilt at a cost of 3,300*l.*, by the French congregation alone, from collections and voluntary subscriptions, the Dutch refusing to contribute to the expense. The new building was opened for service in August, 1669, and remained till 1840, when it was acquired by the City for the new approaches to the Royal Exchange, and pulled down, the carving and interior fittings being reserved for a new building, which was afterwards erected near the Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand on land purchased for the purpose from Christ's Hospital.

It should be remarked that, in the settlements of the Protestants (Huguenots), the people called "Walloon" were often included; and these, in fact, were among the early refugees. They came from the French and Austrian Low Countries—Artois, Hainault, Namur, Luxembourg, and part of Flanders and Brabant—so that they naturally assimilated to the early *émigrés* from France. In the year 1567 above 100,000 had fled from those provinces. Numbers of these emigrants came to England, bringing with them the

trades which they followed; and at Canterbury, Norwich, Southampton, Sandwich, Colchester, Maidstone, and other towns (in some of which they found remains of the settlements of the families of Belgians and Flemings who had come over in 1360 and taught the English how to make woollen cloths), they carried on the manufacture of woollen, linen, silk, and the weaving of *bayes* and *sayes*, or light woollen and silk stuffs.

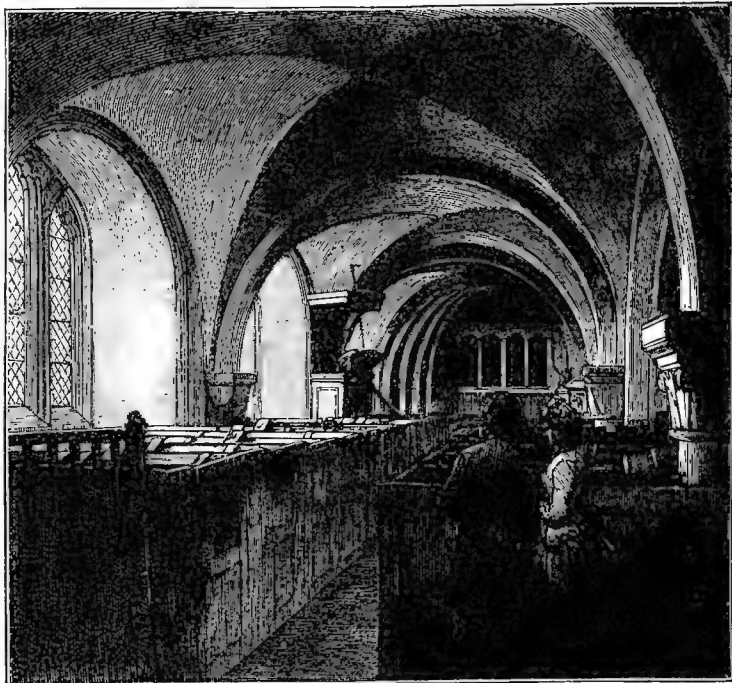
For the protection of these poor strangers the Pope presumed to



THE HUGUENOT CHURCH, THREADNEEDLE STREET  
Now Demolished

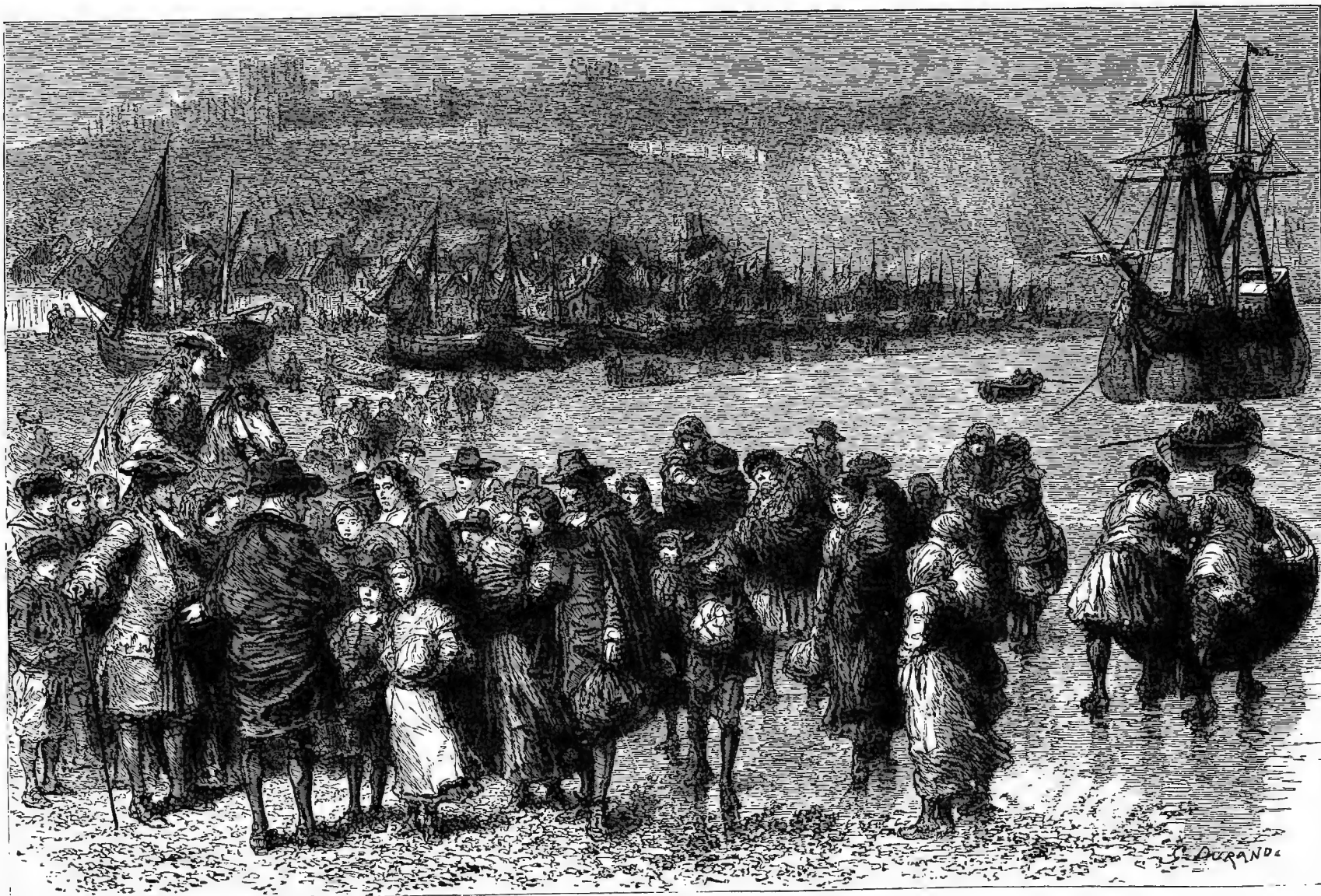
emigration of the French Huguenots to England, on account of persecution, belongs to a distinct line of history, and, commencing in the middle of the sixteenth century, vastly increased after the "Massacre of Bartholomew" and the death of Admiral Coligny, and was continued by successive outbursts of terrorism in France for more than two hundred years.

Before that horrible massacre of the Protestants in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day, August, 1572, there had been a settlement of foreigners of the Protestant, or Reformed, Religion here, for Strype, speaking of events in 1547, says:—"Now I conjecture were the beginnings of the foreigners' Church planted at Canterbury by the countenance and influence of Archbishop Cranmer." We also learn that one day when Latimer was preaching before the young King Edward VI., he spoke to him of a famous theologian who had begun



FRENCH CHURCH, IN THE UNDERCROFT OR CRYPT OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

take Queen Elizabeth to task, and to declare in a "Bull" that all such as were the worst of the people resorted to England, and were by her received into safe protection. To her honour she did so, and not only received them, but did not exact from them conformity to the English ceremonies of Protestantism. In a letter to the Church meeting in Threadneedle Street she said, "We are not ignorant that the ceremonies, &c., have been different in the various Churches since the birth of Christianity, in some the congregations



FRENCH HUGUENOT REFUGEES LANDING AT DOVER IN 1685  
After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes

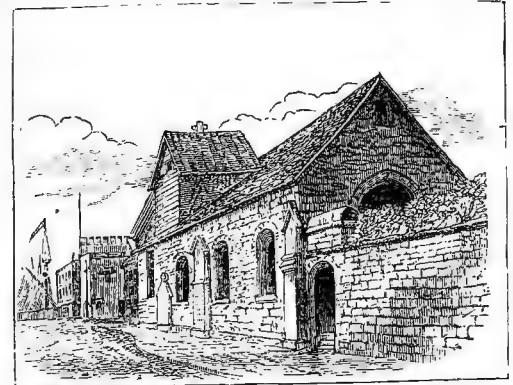




OLD FRENCH CHURCH, WANDSWORTH  
Now Demolished

who were employed by them, so that they became there, as they had long been in London, a regular Company or Livery. Either at that time or more probably at a later date, when the importation of silks and calicoes began to impoverish their trade, a few of the Protestant refugees of Canterbury began to use a part of the Undercroft of the Cathedral, outside the Chapel, as a workshop, where some of the poorer members of the community were permitted to set up their looms. The mortice holes in the stone work made for the reception of the ends of the beams, and the marks on the walls and pillars, may still be seen there. The Huguenot service in the chapel of the Undercroft was performed according to the usages of the Reformed Church of France till about fifty years ago, when the Vestry or Deacons consented to the use of a French translation of the Liturgy of the Church of England, and this form of service is still in use in the now fairly appointed and moderately comfortable chapel, the associations of which are so full of historical interest and sentiment. It is owing to the concentration of interest at Canterbury which, caused by its having been the chief resort of the earlier *émigrés*, led to the concession of so distinguished a site for the chapel, that the French Church there has been so completely maintained by the descendants of the Huguenots. In almost every other provincial town or city the churches have only traditional interest, as the congregation have mostly joined other Protestant communions, and the present generation of the descendants of the Huguenots, though they are to be found in considerable numbers

in most of the chief towns, are only distinguishable by their names (where these have not been Anglicised), or by the tradition which

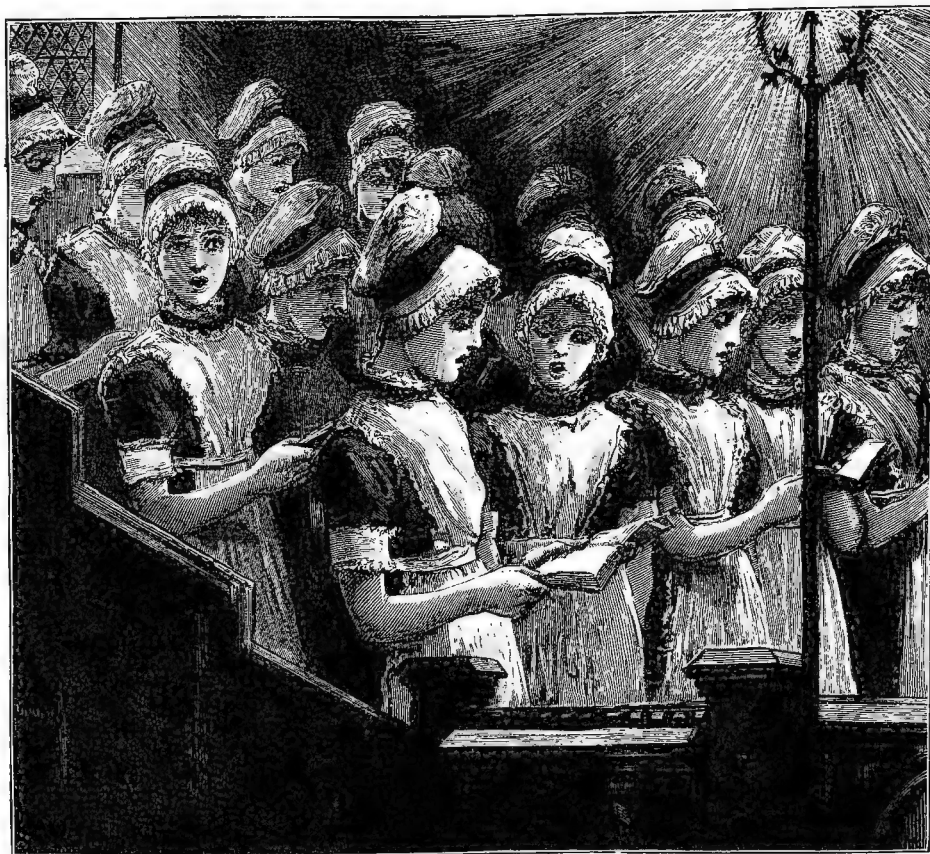


"DOMUS DEI," WALLOON CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON

enables them to join with pride in such celebrations as that which has just been observed at the French Protestant Hospital in London.

prayed standing, in others kneeling—it is nevertheless the same religion, provided their prayers are addressed to the same God. We do not despise *your* service, and we do not constrain you to adopt *ours*. We approve of your ceremonies, inasmuch as they accord best with the countries whence you came."

Both at this period and in the later great emigration in 1687 a very large number of the refugees to England landed at Dover, and made their way to Canterbury, where earlier Walloon settlements had been established by the people who fled from the Spanish persecutions. Weavers of *saves* and *baves*, wool-combers and dyers, formed a large community, and it was thought necessary to restrict the number of those permitted to work at these trades, every refugee settling in Canterbury having to be approved by the Archbishop, so that the people there may be said to have been protected by both Church and Queen. In 1561 Elizabeth granted them the Undercroft of Canterbury Cathedral as a church, or place for worship, and as such it is used to-day by the descendants of the Huguenots, whose names, many of them "Englished," even as the people themselves became "more English than the English," may be seen over shop fronts, in leases, charters, grants, public records, church registers, and on unnumbered monuments and tomb-stones, where Roy often appears as King, Dubois as Wood, Pierre as Peters, Boulanger as Baker, and so on, but where, of course, the old names, unchanged and untranslated, are conspicuous. As the industrial Walloon community of Canterbury were recognised as a corporation of artisans and trades by the Burghmote, or Chief Council, soon after the Undercroft crypt of the Cathedral had been granted to them, the records of the city are exceedingly interesting, and become still more so after the date of the St. Bartholomew Massacre. By the year 1634 there were 900 communicants in the Church in the Undercroft, and thirty years later there were about 1,300 weavers in Canterbury, and above 700 English



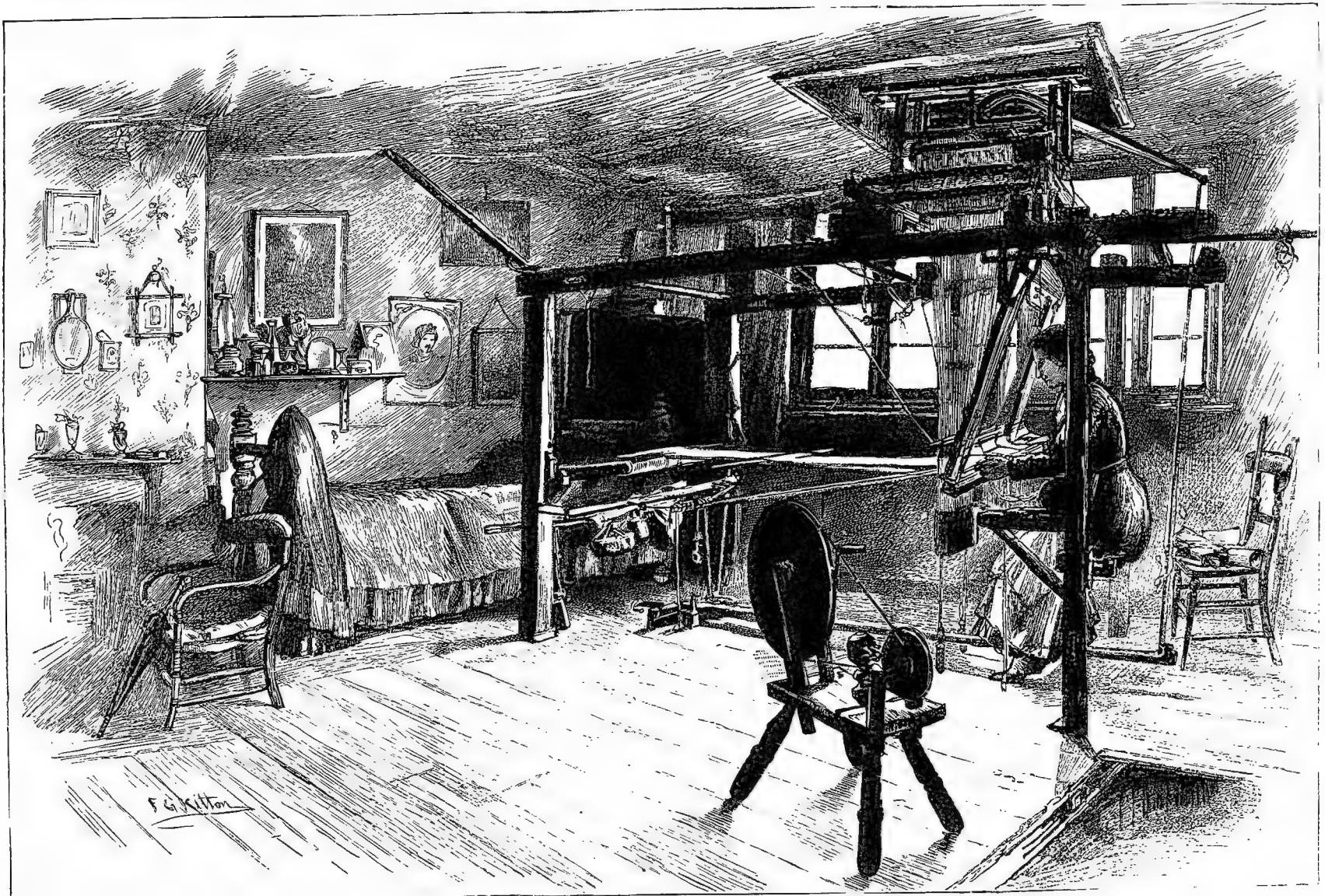
CHOIR OF THE FRENCH CHURCH OF THE SAVOY, BLOOMSBURY  
Consisting of Girls of Huguenot Descent from the Westminster School

At Southampton, where there was an old settlement of Walloon and other refugees, the church is, or was recently, supported, but at most other towns where settlements were made, and the industries introduced by the Huguenots became the mainstay of wealth and influence, the children's children, while often carefully preserving the family traditions, and cherishing the memories of the race from which their fathers and mothers have sprung, have preserved neither the minor religious distinctions nor, except in unconscious observances, the social peculiarities of their ancestors.

### THE EDICT OF NANTES

WHEN Henry of Navarre came to the Throne of France as Henry IV. the Huguenots reasonably expected that the Sovereign who had been the leader of their cause, and under whom they had fought and conquered in the Civil War, would deliver them from the persecutions under which they had suffered. They were not mistaken, for until Henry, from political motives, joined the Roman Church, was received by the Pope, and recalled the Jesuits, who had been expelled from France after the attempt on his life by Jean Chastel, they not only lived in comparative peace, but held a powerful position which, in his policy of expediency, the King thought it necessary to undermine. Apart from a reduction of their political power, however, they were regarded with favour, and were permitted to hold a recognised place in the realm, in which he had already reformed the administration of justice, restored the financial condition, and largely promoted industry and commerce.

When he was at Nantes in 1598 Henry promulgated an Edict giving redress to the grievances under which the Protestants had so long suffered. It confirmed them in the possession of all the churches then in their hands, conferred on them the right to share in the administration of all institutions for public instruction, and gave them an equality in Parliament with their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The Edict would have assured to



A SPITALFIELDS WEAVER AT WORK  
Drawn from Life



them freedom of religious worship, would have legalised the rites of marriage and baptism as performed by the ministers of the Protestant churches, and would have given to the Huguenots the civil liberty enjoyed by their fellow-subjects, had its provisions been faithfully carried out; but Henry had joined the Roman Catholic Church, and though he refused to yield to the demands of the Pope that no person of the Reformed religion should be permitted to hold any public office, his temporising policy, and the intolerance of the Courts of Justice



HENRI DE MASSUE, MARQUIS DE RUVOIGNY  
First Governor of the French Protestant Hospital

and the Parliament, added to the influence of the Jesuits, caused the law in many essential respects to become a dead letter, and may be said to have paved the way for the ruthless persecutions by which Louis XIV. endeavoured to "convert" the Huguenots.

#### THE REVOCATION

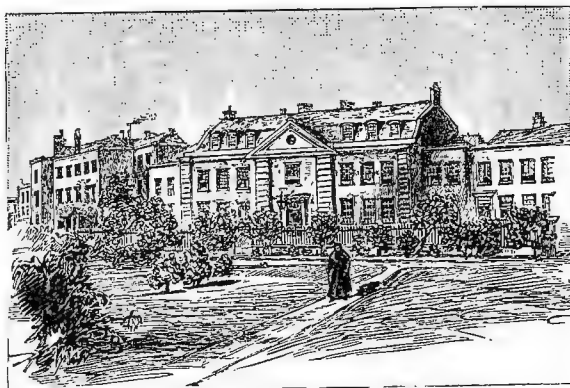
EVEN under the rule of Henry of Navarre, France offered few inducements for the return of the Refugees who had settled in England under the protection of Elizabeth, and who had attained to distinction or prosperity, while artisans, husbandmen, and traders had also discovered that they could for the most part live here in comfort and without oppression on account of their religion. The favour accorded to them by Elizabeth was continued by her successors, and though the jealousies of English artisans and traders, the difficulties and disorders that arose during the Commonwealth, and the endeavours of Archbishop Laud to enforce conformity upon all the Churches, including those of the foreign Protestants and their descendants, affected them seriously for a time, none of these afflictions were of long duration, or to be compared with the penalties under which the Huguenots in France were made to suffer on account of their faith.

James I. made a declaration, in which, after a preliminary characteristic flattery alluding to some of his theological treatises as a guarantee of his liberality, he assured the Refugees that they should not be molested in their churches, but should be under the same protection as they had received from Elizabeth. Charles I., in reply to the deputies from the foreign Churches, who addressed him on his accession, published a warrant, commanding the officers of the Crown to permit all strangers and members of the foreign Churches and their children peaceably to enjoy all the privileges and immunities that had been granted to them; and at the Restoration special provision was made that the penalties of the Act of Uniformity should not apply to "the foreigners or aliens of the Reformed Churches, allowed or to be allowed by the King's Majesty, his heirs and successors, in England."

Charles the Second may be said to have extended not only his goodwill but his proverbial courtesy to the Refugees. "Je suis joyeux de vous avoir oui," said he, "et vous remercie de vos bons souhaits—assurez vous que sous notre protection, vous aurez autant de liberté que vous avez jamais eu sous aucun de mes predecesseurs."

These repeated concessions show that the emigration of the Huguenots had been resumed, and that the persecutions were driving them from France in large numbers. It was in vain that they claimed the observance of the Edict by which civil and religious liberty had been granted to them. Their complaints were resented by repeated tortures, by fines and confiscations, and by the occupation of the districts where they lived by dragoons who were billeted upon them with more than military license. The condition of the Protestants who were still in their own country was so notorious in England, that in 1681 a memorial was presented to Charles II. on their behalf. After referring the petition to a Committee of the Lords of the Council, who reported on it, he declared in Council that he held himself obliged to comfort and support all such afflicted Protestants who, by reason of the rigours and severities which were used towards them on account of their religion, should be forced to quit their native country, and should desire to shelter themselves under his protection for the preservation and the exercise of their religion. He promised them letters of denization, without charge, and all legal privileges and immunities for the exercise of their trades. He also said that he would propose to Parliament to pass an Act for the general naturalisation of such Protestants, that they might be under no disabilities as compared with natural-born subjects, and should have the same privileges for introducing their children into schools and colleges. All officers, civil and military, were enjoined to give a kind reception to such *emigrés* as should arrive at any of the outports, and furnish them with passports and all assistance in their journeys, with a free passage with their goods and household stuff, tools, and instruments, and he promised to give a general brief throughout England for the relief of those of them who stood in need. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were appointed to receive all requests and petitions from such Protestant Refugees as came to this country, that they might know where to apply for aid.

This was making war upon the King of France in a new fashion



"LA PROVIDENCE," THE ORIGINAL FRENCH PROTESTANT HOSPITAL, BATH STREET, ST. LUKE'S

by offering an asylum to those of his subjects who were distinguished for ability, piety, and industry, and who were yet disqualified from benefiting their own country because they would not yield liberty of conscience in the matter of religion.

While, on the one hand, the refugees called England the Asylum of Christ, on the other, English writers and divines bore testimony

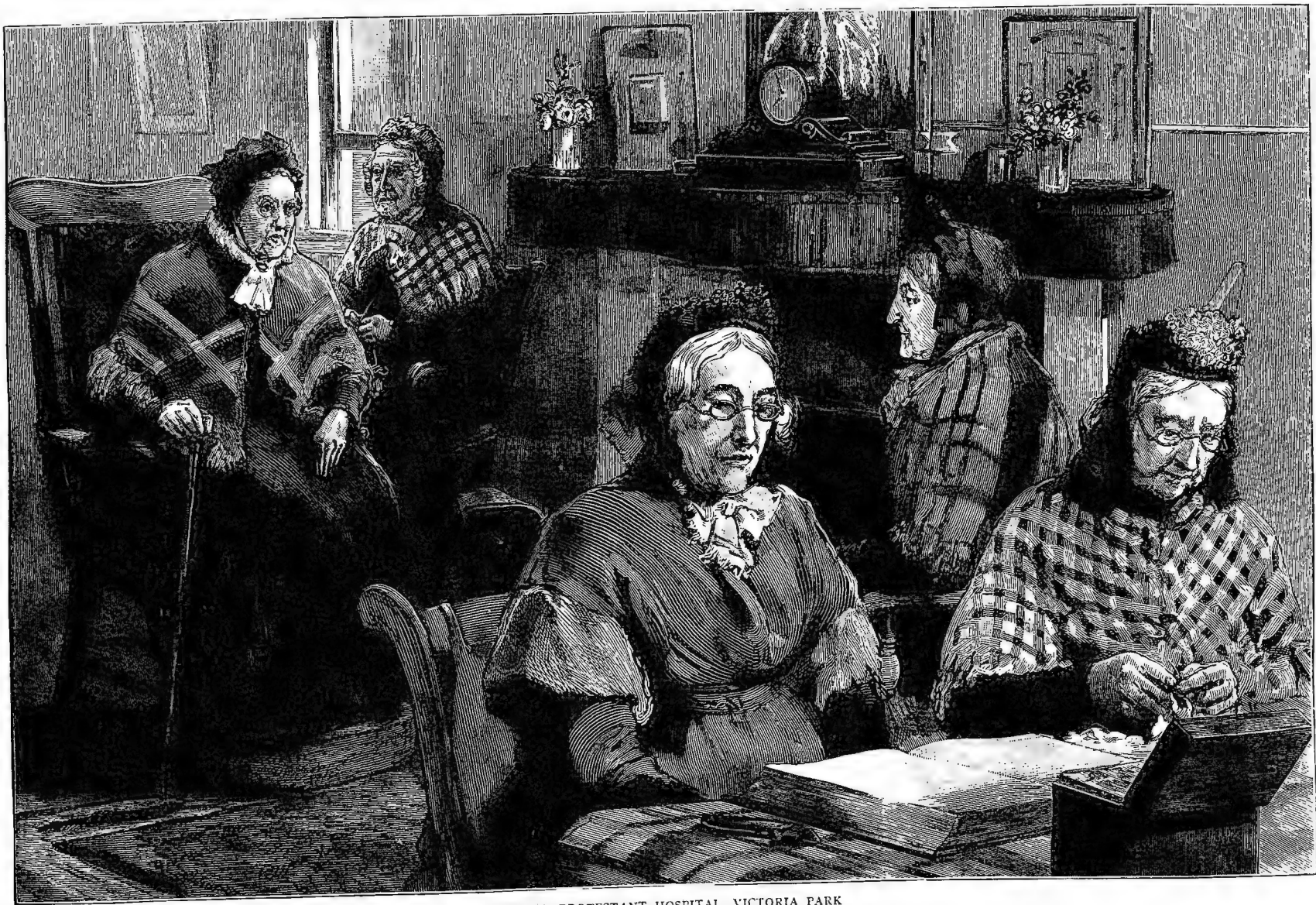
to the advantages derived by this country, not only from the introduction of arts and industries, which added to its wealth and comfort, but from the religious and moral example afforded by the Protestant refugees, and their steadfast endeavour to observe Christian precepts.

The offers of denization were soon accepted by hundreds of persons who had fled from the persecutions in 1681 and 1682, so that it is not surprising that when in his blind cruelty and infatuation Louis XIV., instigated by his mistress, the infamous Madame de Maintenon, and his Confessor, Père la Chaise, determined to revoke



MONS. JACQUES DE GASTIGNY  
Founder of the French Protestant Hospital

the Edict which he had sworn to maintain, a large number of the Huguenots of France should have prepared to leave the country, even though they would be compelled to abandon their property. The King was not unsupported by the Court, the Church, and by persons distinguished as *littérateurs* and eloquent preachers. The whole of the society which came in contact with the dissolute and heartless Louis seemed to be infected with the same kind of barbarity which had led the ladies of the Court a century earlier to go down into the streets after the Massacre on St. Bartholomew's Eve that they might jest over the mangled bodies of the Huguenot leaders whom they had known and endeavoured to flirt with, and from whose corpses the jewels were taken as suitable and acceptable presents to these tigerish dames. Nearly two hundred years of savage intolerance and persecution had perpetuated cruelty among the dominant party, and the King was flattered, praised, and applauded for taking such a wholesale measure for remorselessly torturing, maiming, and hanging thousands of men, women, and children only because they were not "of his religion." Addresses were presented, poems were written, sermons were preached, and medals were struck commemorating the revocation of the Edict, and the persecutions which followed for the extirpation of the Protestants who refused to conform. Forbidden to assemble in public worship under the penalty of torture or death for the men, and imprisonment for women; or to observe private worship under the penalty of being sent to the galleys for life; precluded from singing their psalms or hymns, by the threat of fine, imprisonment, or the galleys; forbidden to instruct their children in the faith; commanded to send their boys to Jesuit Schools, their daughters to nunneries at their own expense; their churches demolished; their pastors ordered to leave the country within fifteen days on pain of death; themselves forbidden to pass the frontier, or to attempt to escape from France; their marriages by their own ministers declared to be illegal; refused burial for their dead: their Bibles and books of devotion burnt; forbidden to exercise any profession, or to fill any public office, or even to work as servants or artisans



FRENCH PROTESTANT HOSPITAL, VICTORIA PARK  
Some of the Octogenarian Inmates, Descendants of Huguenot Refugees



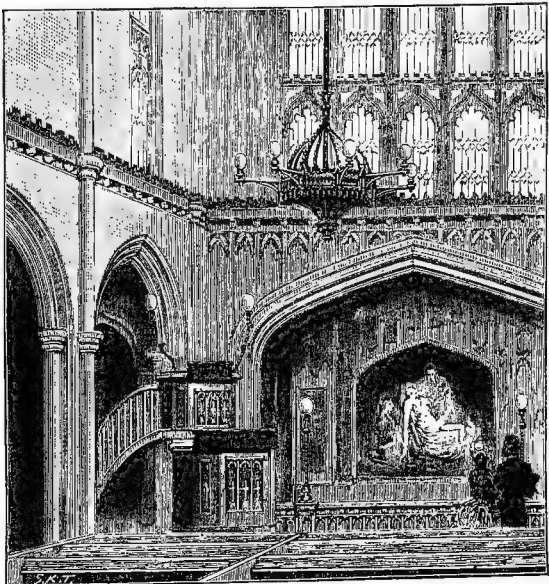
without a certificate that they had become Catholics; the Huguenots who determined to be faithful to their convictions were hunted like wild beasts. During the twenty years before the Revocation about 400,000 had fled, and during the twenty years afterwards 600,000 had contrived to escape. Of a thousand Protestant pastors six hundred went into exile, one hundred were executed or sent to the galleys, and the rest are supposed to have temporised. English ships lay off the coast to receive the fugitives; and in these or the foreign vessels taking in cargoes from the Western harbours, they contrived to embark, stowed away among bales and casks, or even concealed within them, and liable to be smoked out or suffocated by the officers who were ordered to visit outgoing ships, and fumigate

to England, became a Colonel commanding a regiment composed chiefly of some of his old followers, and was appointed Lieutenant-General of Jersey. He died in London in 1740, and was buried in the Churchyard of St. Luke's, Chelsea, where his gravestone is now concealed by a heap of rubbish, which the Huguenot Society

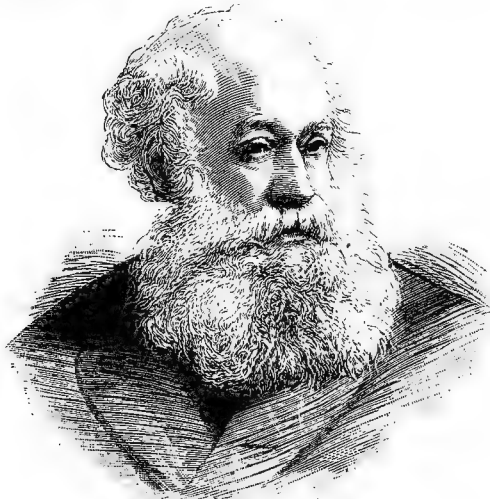
"the Desert," the uncultured plain not far from Nismes, in disused quarries, in caves, and in a natural amphitheatre formed by the valley in which lay the bed of a mountain stream, but they had rebuilt some of their churches, or "Temples," long before Court's death, in 1760, when Paul Rabaut succeeded him, and in the midst of continued persecutions successfully maintained the doctrine of non-resistance. It was not till Voltaire had taken up the case of the Calas family, and by able advocacy and scathing satire made France ring with his denunciations, that the torture of the Huguenots began to pall upon the Court and the Government of France. It was not till 1775, in the first year of the reign of Louis XVI., and not long before the whirlwind of the



THE RIGHT HON. JACOB BOVERIE, LORD RADNOR  
Governor of the French Protestant Hospital



INTERIOR OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH,  
ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND



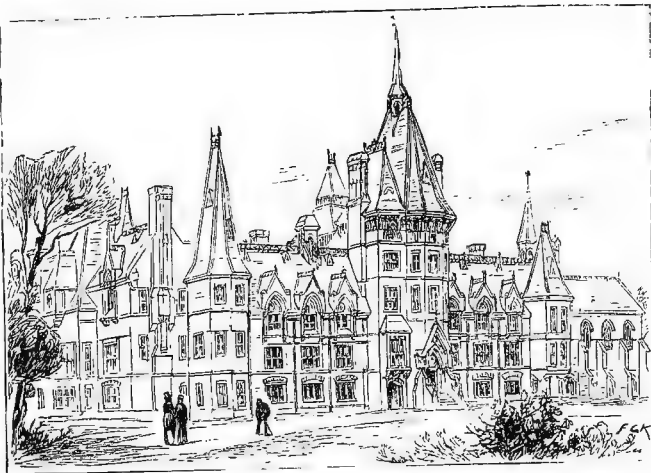
RICHARD HERVÉ GIRAUD, ESQ.  
Deputy-Governor of the French Protestant Hospital

the holds with burning materials, intended to emit poisonous vapours.

The Huguenots, long deprived of civil and religious rights, and excluded from taking part in public affairs, turned their abilities and attention to trade, to manufactures, and to horticulture; and their simple, regular habits, their steady industry, and their intelligence insured success. In Languedoc there were 250,000 Protestants, and they were the most enterprising, educated, and wealthy portion of the community; the Huguenot merchants of Nismes commanded the greater part of the commerce of the south of France. There, and occasionally in Normandy, around Rouen, the persecutions raged, and thence came a large proportion of the refugees who settled in England—the Komillys, the Layards, the Saurins, the Portals, the Boileaus, the De Beauvoirs, the Vignoles, the Roumieux, and numbers more whose names have since been intimately associated with public services and achievements in this country; but in the country around Nismes, in the Lozère, and the mountainous district of the Cevennes, the country of the Gard and Hérault, there was a population of small farmers, peasants, artisans, and labourers, and these people, driven to desperation, and led by men whose religion had been distorted to fanaticism by the cruelties of which they had been the victims, took up arms, and for many years defied all the efforts of the Government and the dragoons to suppress them. The insurrection and the wars of the Camisards, and the marvellous story of their boy leader, Jean Cavalier, cannot be told here. Cavalier himself, after bringing the King's intendants to listen to conditions on which the Huguenot insurgents would consent to lay down their arms, found himself deserted by his comrades, who suspected him, deceived by the officers who induced him to go to Paris to conclude the agreement, and escaping from the snare that was laid for him, fled to Switzerland, and thence came

of London have offered to clear away that some memorial of him may be preserved.

After the end of the Camisard insurrection the persecutions went on. The Huguenot pastors had denounced armed resistance, and under the great influence of Antoine Court, who was the principal of the Huguenot pastors in Languedoc, the Protestants



FRENCH PROTESTANT HOSPITAL, VICTORIA PARK

were distinguished by what Milton calls "the invincible might of meekness." They had long been compelled to meet for worship in

Revolution, that the two last galley slaves for the faith were released.

THE HUGUENOT CHURCHES IN ENGLAND

By the end of the seventeenth century a great multitude of Huguenots had left France. In New York, Charleston, several towns in Ireland, in Prussia (where in a few years their community so prospered as to build streets of houses in Berlin), in Germany, and in Holland numbers of them found refuge, and were received with kindly welcome.

The emigration to England was so great that prompt measures for their immediate relief had to be adopted, and it was fortunate, indeed, that the Royal brief for a collection in the churches throughout England had been ordered. It was but a few months after the accession of James II. that the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and the money raised by the collections amounted to nearly 200,000*l.*, which formed a fund called the Royal Bounty, and was administered by a lay committee of the chiefs among the immigrants, while a smaller sum, called the Church Fund, which had previously been collected, was administered by a church committee for the relief of the exiled ministers and for Church purposes. There were many noble and many wealthy Huguenots in this country who, of course, contributed largely to the funds, and aided the committee in the work of organising the Churches, finding employment for the immigrants, and assisting them by providing tools and outfits for artisans and workmen. Many of the sons of ministers had commissions in the army, and it is matter of history how bravely the Huguenots fought for the country of their adoption, both in the land forces and in the fleet; in fact, both they and their descendants have shown a remarkable predilection for entering the English Navy, the present Deputy-Governor of the French Protestant Hospital being no exception, as he became a midshipman when he was twelve years of age, (Continued on page 458)



THE MEN'S DAY-ROOM, FRENCH PROTESTANT HOSPITAL.





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Austin," said his wife seriously, "I want to speak to you."—"Is there anything the matter? You look quite grave. What is it? Sit down, and tell me."

# FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

## CHAPTER XXV.

DURING Mrs. Spry's visit Angela heard more than enough of O'Rourke's praises. The fortunate young gentleman was always doing something which, in the pretty widow's fancy, was worthy of admiration, or saying something which was worthy to be repeated. Angela had a genuine liking for her guest, and a genuine unliking for O'Rourke; but she could not see her way to exposing his tactics. Mrs. Spry's constant praises of the wicked man who was so shamelessly pursuing her were irritating and dispiriting, but they had to be borne. How could the girl say: "I let your rascally hero kiss my hand in the dark, because I thought he was my hero. He was hunting my money then; and now he is hunting yours, because you have ever so much more than I?" Such a statement was clearly impossible, and it was of no use to offer a certainty as a mere suspicion.

As for O'Rourke, he felt Angela to be decidedly in his way, and likely to be dangerous. He would have preferred to stalk the late Spry's A A 1 and Credit Unlimited almost anywhere rather than in Angela's presence. Of course it shielded him a good deal from her contempt to know that it was inspired by jealousy; but still he was not altogether impervious to it.

As a general rule, what we know about ourselves seems the most natural and the easiest thing for others to think of us. But O'Rourke differed from the mob, inasmuch as he knew about himself just that thing which he desired to know, and no other. He knew that he was altogether disinterested in his attachment to the widow. He knew that he had never given to Angela the faintest cause for the absurd jealousy she displayed. He knew that he had never played false with his friend and benefactor, Maskelyne. It is a great thing to be able in this fashion to sponge out the past, and to write in a new one. One is always wiser after the event than before it, and it is pleasant to have an unblotted record. If, as in the case of obliterated writing, the old lines showed themselves now and again below the new, their return to sight was never permanent. There is not one of us who has not practised this art for his own soul's solace at one time or another, and there is not one of us at whom the obliterated record does not sometimes flash with a cruel swift-ness and clearness of return. Self-love and conscience will have it so between them.

Practice brings a sort of perfection to the efforts of the most

commonplace. But to genius it gives a marvellous facility, and O'Rourke had grown phenomenal.

Austin was working at his new book with so much ardour that there was no drawing him away from it, and his wife would have had many lonely hours but for her new acquaintances at the chateau at Houfouy. She and Angela had formed a great friendship, and Mrs. Spry played a sort of accompaniment to their duet of affection. When Lucy visited the chateau she generally had O'Rourke for an escort, and this alone made her visit delightful to the American lady. Then, on days when Lucy did not visit Angela, Mrs. Spry visited Lucy, because she was quite delighted with her personally, and because her husband was so distinguished, and the pretty widow did so like to know celebrated people. Thus in one way and another the Patriot had the dollars in constant contemplation, and the owner of the dollars was constantly meeting the Patriot. She was learning to look at him with a growing complacency, and O'Rourke in his own mind was so convinced of this that he lived in a charmed patience and content.

The friendship which was forming between Angela and Lucy was of a very different and more deep-rooted sort than that which existed between the little American lady and either of them. The married woman had her own experiences to guide her, and she saw that the girl was sad at Maskelyne's prolonged absence. She more than guessed, too, that the young American had retired before O'Rourke's advances, which had been sufficiently apparent to an observant woman. And now that O'Rourke was so plainly paying court to a richer woman than Angela, his old friend's wife, who had known him for years, and had regarded him with an almost sisterly affection, began to think ill of him, and found it a painful and grievous thing to do.

Before Maskelyne's departure Angela's manner to O'Rourke had been that of open friendship, and now it was marked by a disdain so ill-concealed that, so far as Lucy was concerned, it might as well not have been concealed at all. The girl's mingled sadness and anger had been so evident one afternoon, when Lucy and O'Rourke had visited the chateau together, that her new friend's heart grew hot with sympathy for her and with indignation at the Patriot, and on reaching home she marched straight to her husband's room, bent on an exposure of the case.

Austin, who was striding up and down the chamber with a pipe in his mouth and a pen in his hand, gave her a mere absent nod as

she entered, and by-and-by sat down and began to write, with frequent rumplings of his hair. Lucy sat in silence for some half-hour, and then, rising, stood behind his chair smoothing his disordered locks.

"Ah, little woman," he said brightly, looking up at her. "You are back again. Wait half a minute, and I shall have done for to-day."

The half minute lengthened into a quarter of an hour, and his wife stood patiently behind him, with her hands upon the back of his chair. At last he threw down his pen and arose, still deep in thought. He had filled and lit his pipe again, and had taken anew to his bear-like prowl about his cage, when he fixed an absent gaze upon his wife, and this look of absence gradually giving way to one of recognition, he advanced smilingly, and took her by both hands.

"Well, dear," he said, cheerfully, "what news? Have you enjoyed yourself? Where's the Patriot?"

"Austin," returned his wife seriously, "I want to speak to you."

"Is there anything the matter? You look quite grave. What is it? Sit down, and tell me."

"Austin," she began with a little air of hesitation, which cleared away as she continued, "I don't like the Patriot, as you call him. I feel as if he were compromising me."

"Don't like O'Rourke?" cried Austin, in surprise. "Compromising?" He laughed, but he looked puzzled too.

"I do not like him, Austin. He is playing a mean part here. I am sure of it. And he makes me help him to play it. He has done it, until now, but I am so ashamed and unhappy about it that he shall never do it any more."

"Tell me everything," said Austin, standing over her with a troubled face. "Let me understand."

"You remember young Mr. Maskelyne, the American?"

Austin nodded. "Did you ever notice him and Angela together?"

"No; not that I remember."

"There was a serious attachment between them. I saw it quite clearly from the first. Then came Mr. O'Rourke, and made love to his friend's sweetheart, and I am certain he knew that Mr. Maskelyne cared for her."

"Well, well, my dear," said Austin, laughing. "Let the best man win. I should have thought you would have been pleased to see O'Rourke settled. Why, I've heard you advise him to marry."

"Yes," she answered, somewhat hotly; "but I never advised him"



to be treacherous to his friend. And that isn't all, Austin. Listen. It is no laughing matter. He made love to Angela—I watched him and I saw it all—until he drove poor Mr. Maskelyne off the field. Mr. Maskelyne is shy, and—chivalric, and he hasn't your friend's charming manners."

"Well, well, my dear," said Austin again. "Let the best man win."

"I wish the better man may win," said Lucy. "But wait a moment, Austin. Young Mr. Maskelyne is no sooner driven off the field, and the girl made miserable, than Mr. O'Rourke comes here with this wealthy American widow and—mark this, Austin. Under the very nose of the poor girl whose sweetheart he chased away, he is making love to Mrs. Spry. He is a fortune-hunter, Austin. He is using me to get near this poor little widow. She's a dreadful simpton, but she's a dear little creature all the same. I own that Mr. O'Rourke has delightful manners. He is very clever, and he can be very charming. But he is a shameless fortune-hunter, Austin, and a fortune-hunter is a creature I despise."

"There are nobler people than the money-hunter," Austin allowed. "But I hope," he added, gravely, "that this is not true of O'Rourke. I don't want to think ill of O'Rourke. Be quite sure of it before you believe it yourself, or ask me to believe it. He may have meant nothing in Miss Butler's case, and he may mean nothing in the American lady's. Or he may have been a little attracted genuinely by Miss Butler, and a little more attracted by the other. It is a fine principle in social morals, as well as in law, my dear, that a man should be held innocent until he can be proved guilty."

"People are arrested and tried on suspicion," returned his wife, "in spite of the pretty doctrine that they are innocent. Mr. O'Rourke is under arrest on suspicion so far as I am concerned. Austin," she flashed out again, "I believe him to be a mean man. I am sure of it."

"I should be sorry to believe it," said Austin, pacing up and down the room again, and ruffling his hair, in evident annoyance and distress. "Why, my dear, I've known him for years, and he's the very soul of honour. It's—it's impossible, Lucy."

"I don't say he knew of Mr. Maskelyne's attachment to Angela, though that was plain enough. But I do say that Mr. O'Rourke made decided advances to her, and I do say that now he is making decided advances to her friend. Angela positively hates him, and lets him see it, too, so plainly that I wonder he can bear to be near her. But he accepts the situation with an impudence that I can only find one word for, Austin,—it's appalling."

Austin laughed, but there was no great mirth in his laughter.

"My dear," he said, "you're a charming little woman, and you're a good little woman, but if you *do* make up your mind that it's your duty to dislike anybody, you do it pretty thoroughly. I hope it's no more than a suspicion. And after all, if Maskelyne likes Miss Butler, and Miss Butler likes him, he can come back and marry her, and both shall have my blessing. And if O'Rourke marries the American lady, why he'll make a very good match of it, and she'll have a good husband, a clever, handsome fellow, who, with her money behind him, is as likely as not to land in the Peerage. I can't believe that old O'Rourke's a rascal. Cheer up, my dear. Young Maskelyne shall marry your nice young friend, and O'Rourke shall marry the American widow, and as Puck sings:

Jack shall have Jill,

Nought shall go ill,

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."

"You may laugh if you will, Austin," said Lucy. "I should have thought a man of honour would have thought it unbearable to discover such baseness in a friend."

"What, you devastating tempest!" said Austin, sliding an arm about her waist. "Am I to be swept from the meads of honour also?" At this she laughed with an air of vexation, and he kissed her. "Look here, my dear," he said, "I'll go and have a talk about this with O'Rourke himself."

"Austin!" cried the wife in genuine feminine horror, "I wouldn't have you speak of it for the world."

"You'd have me suspect an old friend, and not tell him of it? An odd proposal, isn't it?"

"If you tell him of it, tell him yourself, dear—not from me."

"Ah, I see! I am to observe. Good. Go into the village, and buy for me a sombrero and a cloak. I meanwhile will practise the art of dissimulation here."

"Austin! you make me angrier than I was. I will never speak to that base man again."

"Now, come," said Austin; "this is growing serious."

It had grown so serious that Mrs. Farley absented herself from the supper-table that evening, and declined Austin's entreaties to join O'Rourke and himself in the little garden afterwards.

"You can tell him that I have a head-ache," said Lucy. Austin nodded, and walked straight into his study, where he solemnly set down this memorandum:—

"To be observed. Candour and Veracity. Feminine." Then he descended to the garden, and sat with O'Rourke over a cup of coffee and a pipe.

Now, though Mrs. Farley's suspicions of O'Rourke had fallen suddenly upon her husband, and he had been quite unprepared for them, the astute young man himself had seen them growing, and in his own mind had prophesied storm for days past. Mrs. Farley and Angela were close friends; Angela was enraged against him; Mrs. Farley was day by day growing colder in her manner. A duller man than O'Rourke would have guessed the truth, and he, with his quick faculty, had known it all along. He mistook in one thing only. He believed that Angela had complained of him.

Altogether, he had a ticklish part to play, and he felt himself surrounded by adverse influences. He would have liked an explanation with Farley, in case he had begun to share his wife's suspicions, for Austin and he were such old friends that he felt certain of bringing him to see the baselessness of the possible charges against him. Outside his books, which in their way were undoubtedly clever, Austin was a simple-minded, simple-hearted sort of fellow, a little soft and sentimental in his friendships—a good deal readier, for instance, to lend money, than to ask after it when lent—the sort of man, in short, whom O'Rourke found it easiest to manage. The soul of honour, of course. O'Rourke himself had always professed that faith. Everybody did.

But though he desired to stand well with Farley, he dared not yet even run the risk of an open explosion. Give him the widow, and he could have as many new friends as he chose, and the old ones might say what they liked about him.

In the mean time, Austin was thinking his own thoughts. Candour, though a too likely to rust in the feminine work bag, is sometimes worn a little too bright by the male.

"O'Rourke," he blurted out, "what's the matter between you and my wife?"

"Ah!" said O'Rourke, as well and as readily as if he had seen this bludgeon falling, and had waited to parry it. "You've noticed it, have you? What is it? She's annoyed with me!"

"Don't you know?" asked Farley, with a certain brusquerie which gave O'Rourke the idea that he shared his wife's suspicions.

"Upon my word, I don't," returned O'Rourke, with an air of perfect candour. "I should like to know. She gave me a real snub this afternoon on the way back from Houfouy. And, you know, old man," he went on, with an air of half-comic, half-earnest regret, "she and I have always been such friends. Do me

a good turn, Farley. Find out for me what's the matter, and let me make my peace."

"You've no idea what it is?" said Austin. O'Rourke noticed a sound of relief in the tone.

"Not the remotest in the world."

"Better let it pass, perhaps. It will pass, in all probability. If it doesn't, ask her what's the matter, and she'll tell you."

"I meant to ask you about it," said O'Rourke, genially, "but I didn't like to do so, for fear of seeming to exaggerate the thing."

He felt the situation to be awkward, but he faced it with his usual courage. At the worst he could feign a recall, and could speak in haste to the widow before he went. But that was dangerous. It would leave her in the field with two women who were against him. He must take time to think, and must think clearly. "If Mrs. Farley hasn't forgiven me by to-morrow morning," he said, rising, and setting both hands on his friend's shoulders, "I'll ask her where I'm wrong, and beg her pardon. You and I can't afford to quarrel after all these years, anyhow."

He rocked Farley to and fro for a little as he spoke, and looked at him with a smile so frank and kindly that the novelist rose and shook hands with him in a little heat of renewed friendship.

"No, no," he said with a laugh. "You and I won't quarrel."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

On the morning after the broken meeting the sun shone with unusual brightness. Mr. Zeno arose somewhat later than the laik, but gay and blithe as he, and during the progress of his toilette chanted a selection of scraps from the songs of all nations. Mr. Zeno, as belittled a man of his profession, was of an unconquerable hopefulness. His scheme of yesterday had failed, notwithstanding that it had seemed delightfully simple and certain; and so far he had not even hit upon another. Yet he was cheerful and of good heart, for he had at least achieved a triumph in becoming familiar with Dobroski. The enjoyment of that triumph was full of danger, but then Mr. Zeno was paid to be in danger, and within certain limits was fond of risking his skin in pursuit of his profession. In matters of taste there is no disputing, and whilst to the majority of men the flavour of danger is nauseous when it is tasted in cool blood, there are some to whom it is actually pleasing. Zeno was of the latter class, and he was ambitious, and had high hope that he might one day take the command of that host of rascals amongst whom he was as yet no more than a lieutenant.

Attired in a frock coat, a glossy silk hat, spotless linen, and shining boots of patent leather, he looked eminently respectable as he emerged upon the street, and took his way along the sunshiny side of the road to his customary restaurant. Having fortified himself by an excellent meal and a small bottle of light white wine, he paid his bill, drew on his gloves, lit a cigar, examined with some interest in one of the mirrors with which the place was lined the growth of a moustache of stubbly red, and then sauntered away into the sunny streets again, still humming scraps of tunes.

In a little while he hailed an omnibus, and climbing to the roof, hummed and smiled all the way to one of the gates of the Regent's Park, where he alighted, and strolled like a gentleman at large into the refreshing expanse of green. Here he encountered Mr. Frost, who was also eminently respectable in aspect, though sad of countenance.

"Why, hillo!" cried Zeno in his slightly marked foreign way. "Who would have thought to see you here? How do you do?"

"Hillo!" said Frost. "How are you?"

Mr. Zeno's gay surprise was intended for the benefit of a passer-by. It was his creed never to neglect a precaution, and near at hand was a man who had mounted the omnibus after him, and had alighted at the same point.

"Why, I've got a lot of things to say to you," he cried, with a genial careless loudness which could only belong to an unsuspicious, open-hearted fellow who had nothing to conceal. "Come along. Let us have a good long talk together."

The man who had travelled with Zeno strolled by; and Frost, obeying the pressure of his companion's arm, strolled in the opposite direction. There were but few people in sight, and the two associates were as private as if they had been locked in a police-cell together.

"I don't like the game you're playing," said Frost, after a little time of silence. "I haven't closed an eye all night. Seems to me I'm running into danger all ways." Zeno turned to smile at him, but said nothing. "Oh! you can grin," said the other, irritated by the smile and the silence—"you can grin, but I'll be hanged if I can."

"Ah!" said Zeno, smiling still, and hugging his companion's arm, "how one pities the poor Frost, who cannot grin, and cannot sleep of nights, and is running all the ways at once into danger! Come, then, he shall be taken out of danger."

"I wish he might be," returned Frost, with a sulky air.

"He shall be," said Zeno. "We will go by-and-by and make a call upon our dear friend and leader, Mr. Dobroski, and we will make complete submission to him, and admire his patriotism and his humanity, and swear to live and die for him, and then we shall be safe, shall we not?"

"If we do exactly the opposite," Frost answered, scowling for an instant at his commander, and then evading his smile. "If we go to Sullivan, and swear to live and die with him, we shall both be a little safer."

"What a sensible Frost it is!" cried Zeno, hugging affectionately at his arm. "Suppose we go and swear to live and die with both of them!" Frost gave another shifty glance at him, and walked on scowling. "Eh," said Zeno, brightly and conversationally, "will that suit you better? It is precisely what I am going to do for my own part."

"I'm not afraid of the Dobroski lot," said Frost; "but the other crowd is dangerous, let me tell you. As for Dobroski, he's neither more nor less than a fool. Sullivan's another sort of goods altogether. He's as cruel and as cunning as the Devil."

"Very well. Very well. Very well," returned Zeno. "He shall be as cunning as he likes, and we will be as cunning as we can. Eh? We will go and see Dobroski first, and will swear to live and die with him. Eh? Then we will go and see Sullivan."

"That isn't *my* platform," declared Frost.

"Your platform?" said Zeno with more gaiety than ever. "Your platform has a piece that hangs upon a hinge and is supported by a bolt. There is a beam above it, and round the beam is a rope. You will be good, my dear Frost, and will do what I tell you. You will go to Dobroski, because your orders are to be deferent and enthusiastic to that nice gentleman, and because I ask you as a personal favour. You will go to the other man because we are not safe unless we go, for, as you say, the other man is dangerous."

"Suppose we are watched," said Frost, stopping short. "And it's likelier than not that we are. Suppose we are seen to enter Dobroski's house and known to be talking with him?"

"Suppose we open our conversation with Sullivan by telling him we have just left Dobroski—that his proposals are simply absurd, and that we cannot entertain them?"

"And how long do you think you're going to play that double game?"

"Suppose that in my capacity of attached friend to Dobroski, countryman to Dobroski, trusted entirely by Dobroski, I depute myself to watch him for the other side? Suppose, again, that being

enthusiastic for Dobroski—"Zeno's smile was a study in villany and craft—"I volunteer in his behalf to watch the others, and to know their schemes, and to warn him if he should be in danger?"

"Well," said Frost. "What's my share?"

"You are entirely devoted to Dobroski," said Zeno with his constant smile. "You are as devoted as I am. But you are also devoted to the others who know you better. You will be a little suspicious and careful about me, and you will watch me if you please whilst I watch Dobroski. You will report to your old friends whatever conversations I have with Dobroski, and you and I will arrange the reports together so that they shall be nice and accurate."

Mr. Zeno emphasised this programme by facetious thrusts at his companion's waistcoat with a gloved forefinger, and accompanied it by a beaming smile.

"They'll nail us at it," said Frost mournfully. "They're bound to nail us at it."

"Ah!" returned Zeno cheerfully. "But we will not let them nail us at it."

"Couldn't we split the thing?" demanded Frost. "Couldn't I stick on with the old lot, and you—"

"Be found in your nasty, dirty, muddy Thames? No, dear friend, no. Let us work together, my good Frost. It will be so much pleasanter. Oh, ever so much pleasanter. And—do you not see?—working together, whilst you watch me for Mr. Sullivan I can watch you for myself. See how nice that will be."

Frost gave way with a groan.

"I can see what you want the old one for," he said wearily. "He's been playing old gooseberry with the Czar and all his family arrangements ever since I left the cradle. But I don't know what the other lot have got to do with you, unless you're on for Scotland Yard as well."

"Now you are curious again!" cried Zeno, taking his companion's arm once more. He had relinquished it for a minute or two, and now he squeezed it more affectionately than ever. "I know what I want with the other lot. Let that be enough for both, dear Frost. And now shall we go and swear to live and die with Dobroski? Eh?"

The smaller rascal assenting, though with an evil grace, they walked towards Dobroski's lodging, which was but half a mile distant. Zeno renewed his gay little snatches of song, and Frost's furtive eyes were everywhere as they went. The old anarchist was at home, and they were at once admitted to his presence. His usual air of mournful fatigue was more than commonly noticeable as he rose to welcome his visitors.

"After what happened last night, dear sir," said Zeno, when the greetings were over, "I thought I could not do less than wait upon you. But first I saw my friend, Mr. Frost. I believe I have more than half convinced him of the justice of the side you take. In fact," smiling at Frost, "I think I may say he is almost altogether converted to your side. But the wrongs that are done daily excite him. He longs for an immediate result. I have preached patience in my own way, and I think we can extract from him now a promise that he will abide by your commandment."

"Thank you, Vroblewskoff," said Dobroski, brightening somewhat. "I thank you also, Mr. Frost. If you are willing to listen to any words of mine, I would counsel patience. I will not speak of moral questions, for there are times when we must be a law unto ourselves. But I will ask you to look at the prudential aspect of the case. We want the people with us in our fight for liberty, and the way to win them is not to alarm them, to mutilate them, to scatter fire and death amongst them. A man will not give his good will to him who causes him to live in terror. Before this fight of ours can be won many will die by sword and fire, and to many the cause of tyranny looks righteous. There are things which it is not easy to understand, and this is one of them. Tyrants will claim their sacrifices, and the sacrifices will be paid. This is inevitable; and it is useless to say that we dread bloodshed. God has so ordained it that all liberties have been gained at the sacrifice of human life, and even yet we see no escape from that ordinance. But the stronger we can make ourselves, the fewer are the lives which will be lost. Let us win the people wherever we can. And do not think, sir, that national hatreds, however strong, will ratify the deeds we speak of. It is the national aspiration—it is the living hope and faith of her people that Ireland one day will be free. But it is not a proud thing for a patriot to know that those who profess to have his cause at heart, who proclaim to the world at large that they represent his cause, slay innocence from the dark and amaze the world with purposeless and wanton horror. There are thousands of men in Ireland—I know this from the men most qualified to speak for them—thousands of Irishmen in America, who will be ready in their day, who shrink from and disclaim these butcheries, or blush for the futile bluster and loud noise of bloodless violence."

This speech, for all the oratorical turns with which it was embellished, was delivered with a weary quietude. Zeno sat like one enrapt, and was almost as eloquently receptive in his silence as O'Rourke himself could have been. Frost holding his glossy hat in both hands by the brim, and suspending it between his knees, explored the maker's name and the carpet alternately with his shifty eyes. There was silence for a little while, and then Zeno spoke.

"Well, Mr. Frost?" His voice was hushed a little from its common tone. "What do you say?"

Frost darted a single glance at him, and went back to the scrutiny of the hatter's name.

"I say," returned Frost, "that Mr. Dobroski is more experienced than we are, and that his voice ought to carry weight in our councils. I say that if we are to win we must stick together, and if there must be a split—and it seems there must be—the wise men will throw in their allegiance on the side of their tried leaders." Here he gave another lurking glance at Zeno. "On the side," he added, "of authority and experience."

"You declare then," cried Zeno, in a tone of triumph, "for Mr. Dobroski."

"I declare for Mr. Dobroski," said Frost, without looking up. "Unreservedly."

"I thank you, sir," said Dobroski, extending to him a hand, which Frost did not see until Zeno nudged him, when he took it with a shame-faced alacrity.

"There are others I do not despair of," said the beaming Zeno, rubbing his hands. "They must be approached. But there is one thing," lowering his voice, and looking round him as he spoke.

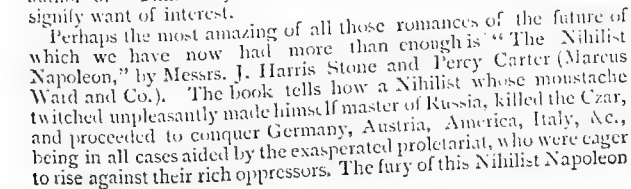
"There are some amongst our late friends who will be dangerous. To you, sir," Dobroski smiled. "But, yes," said Zeno eagerly; "yes, yes, dear sir." He hurried on rapidly in Polish, as if the urgency of his interest in Dobroski drove him to find expression in his native tongue. "They must be watched. Indeed, dear sir, in this you must be guided. We must practise a little duplicity. It is regrettable, but I cannot help myself. I shall reject their councils, offering always such arguments as you yourself would bring, or as you may give me for special cases. And since many of them are blind enough, and fools enough, to be suspicious of your good faith, I, dear sir, shall undertake to watch you for their side. I shall be able thus to watch them, and yet to be in constant intercourse with you."

"That may be as you will," said the old man, with his melancholy smile. "It will give at least one reasonable voice to their deliberations. But the position will be a difficult one to hold."

"Ah, sir," cried Zeno, "a little labour—a little difficulty—a little danger. What are these?"



(To be continued)

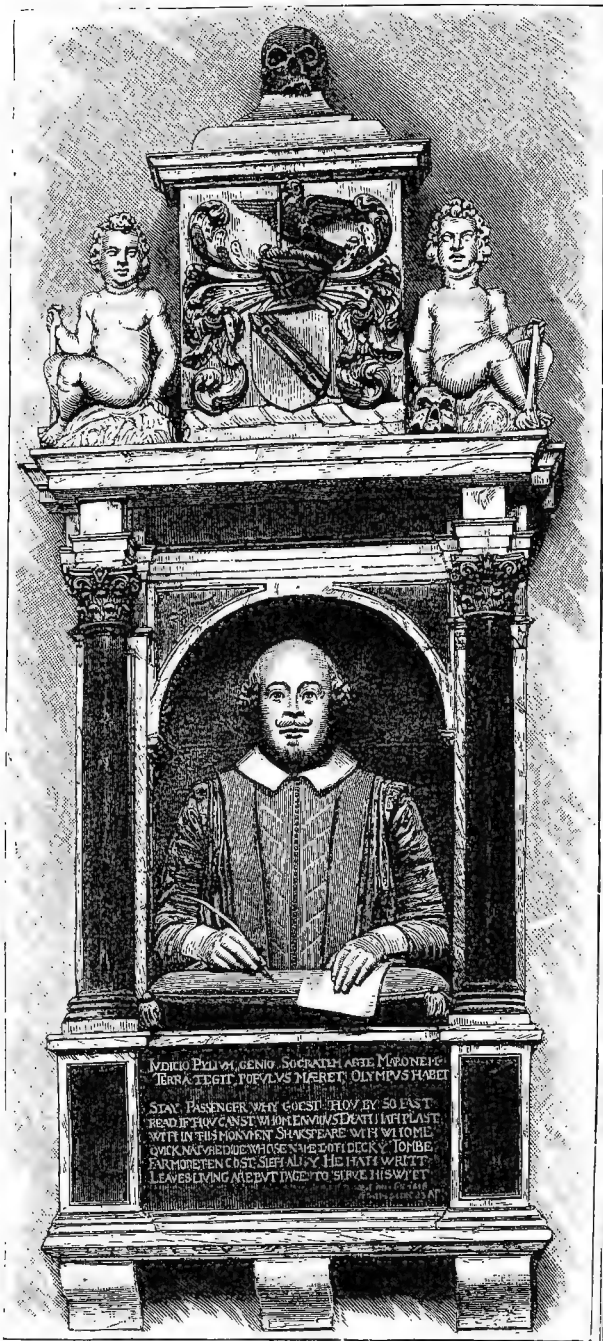


The walnut is found in many countries far apart. There are several varieties in North America; the West India Islands produce one, and the Caucasus another. The *Juglans regia* is the variety most extensively cultivated in this country, and is said to have come originally from Persia and the Levant, and was probably brought to Britain by the Romans. The botanical name "*Juglans*" (order *Juglandaceæ*) is a contraction of *Jovis gigas*, i.e., the "nut of Jupiter," a complimentary title given to it by the Romans on account of its excellent edible qualities. But etymologists still dispute over the word "walnut;" some maintaining that it is a corruption of "*Gaul* nut," a name given to it because, as alleged, it came to us from France; while others refer it to the Anglo-Saxon *Walh-knut*, i.e., a "Welsh" or "foreign" nut, which form of the word

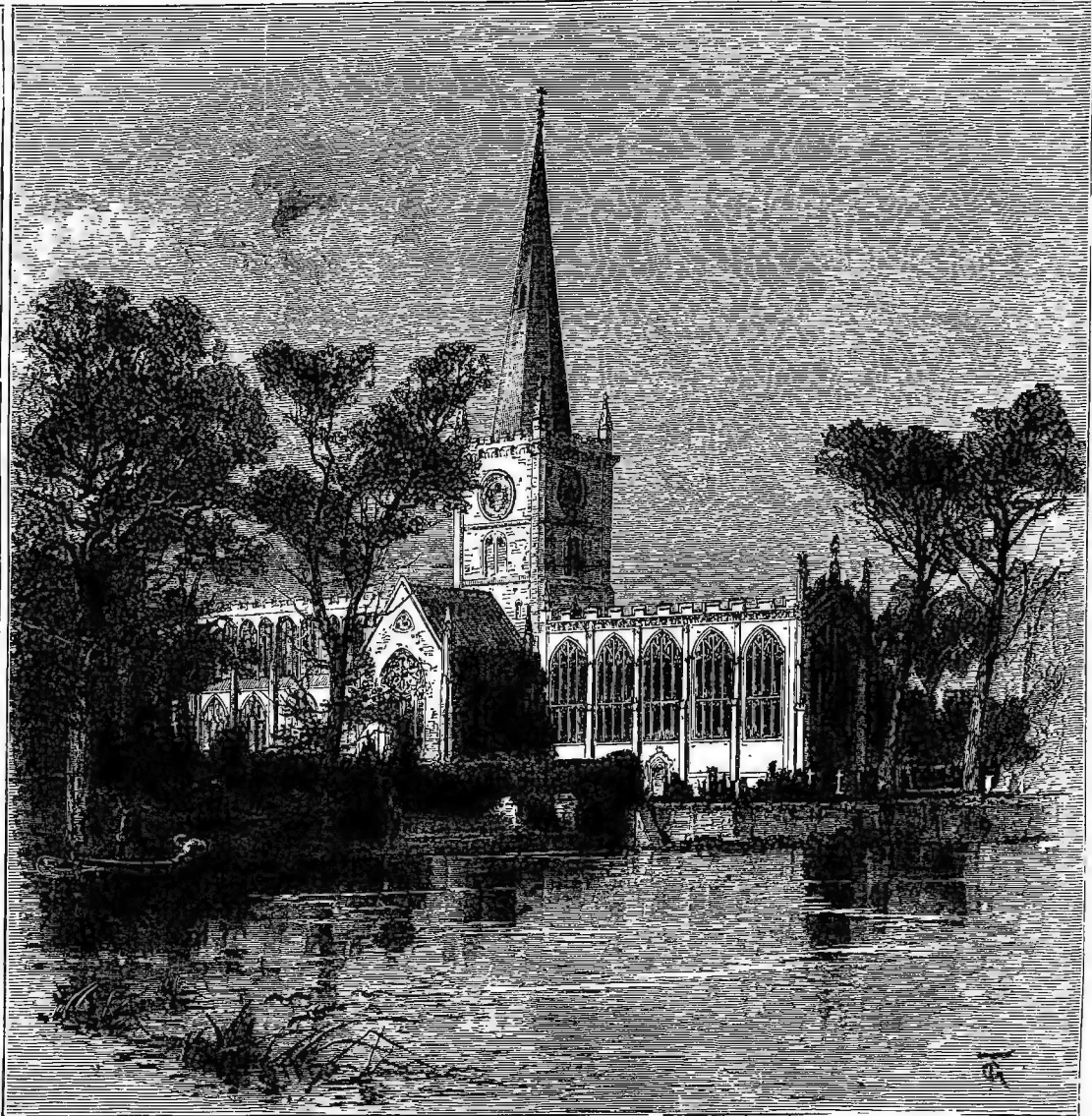
J. J. M.

BREAKFAST is over—a Highland breakfast. Full justice has been done to the pleasant porridge and warm creamy milk, the fresh herrings that were alive in Loch Fyne a few hours ago, salmon from the splash-nets at Eriska, fragrant coffee, excellent home-made scones, and rich butter, tasting of the cloverfield. The day is superb, and no one will spend more of it indoors than he can help; besides, the boat will be almost afloat now, and it will take a little time to bale her out. Bring the lines, then, with their gaudy red and yellow flies—it may be that a mackerel or two are to be caught in the loch; a novel of William Black's, "The Princess of Thule" or "MacLeod of Dare;" and a pocketful of good cigars. It is hardly nine o'clock, yet the sun is dazzling and hot in the doorway. There is just enough air moving to bring up the fresh smell of the seaweed stirred by the rising tide. The white sandy road is almost dry again after the rain which has fallen in the night, and as the kine, after their morning milking, are turned into the cloverfield alongside, the foremost will hardly move from the gate to allow the others to pass, but bury their muzzles at once in the fresh, wet grass. The sea is flashing and sparkling in the morning sunshine, and on the dark Kingairloch Mountains opposite here and there the silver

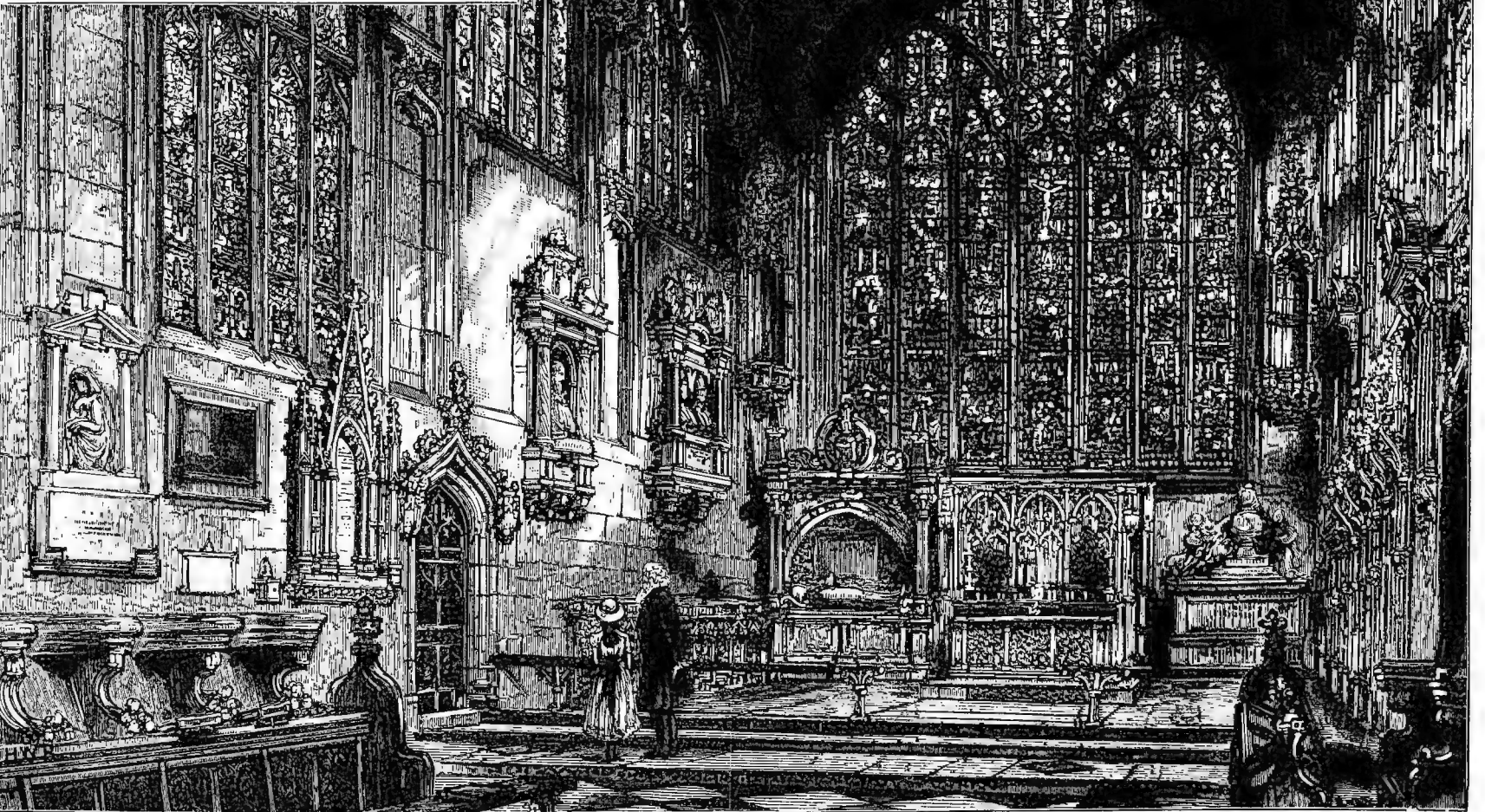




THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL IN THE CHURCH

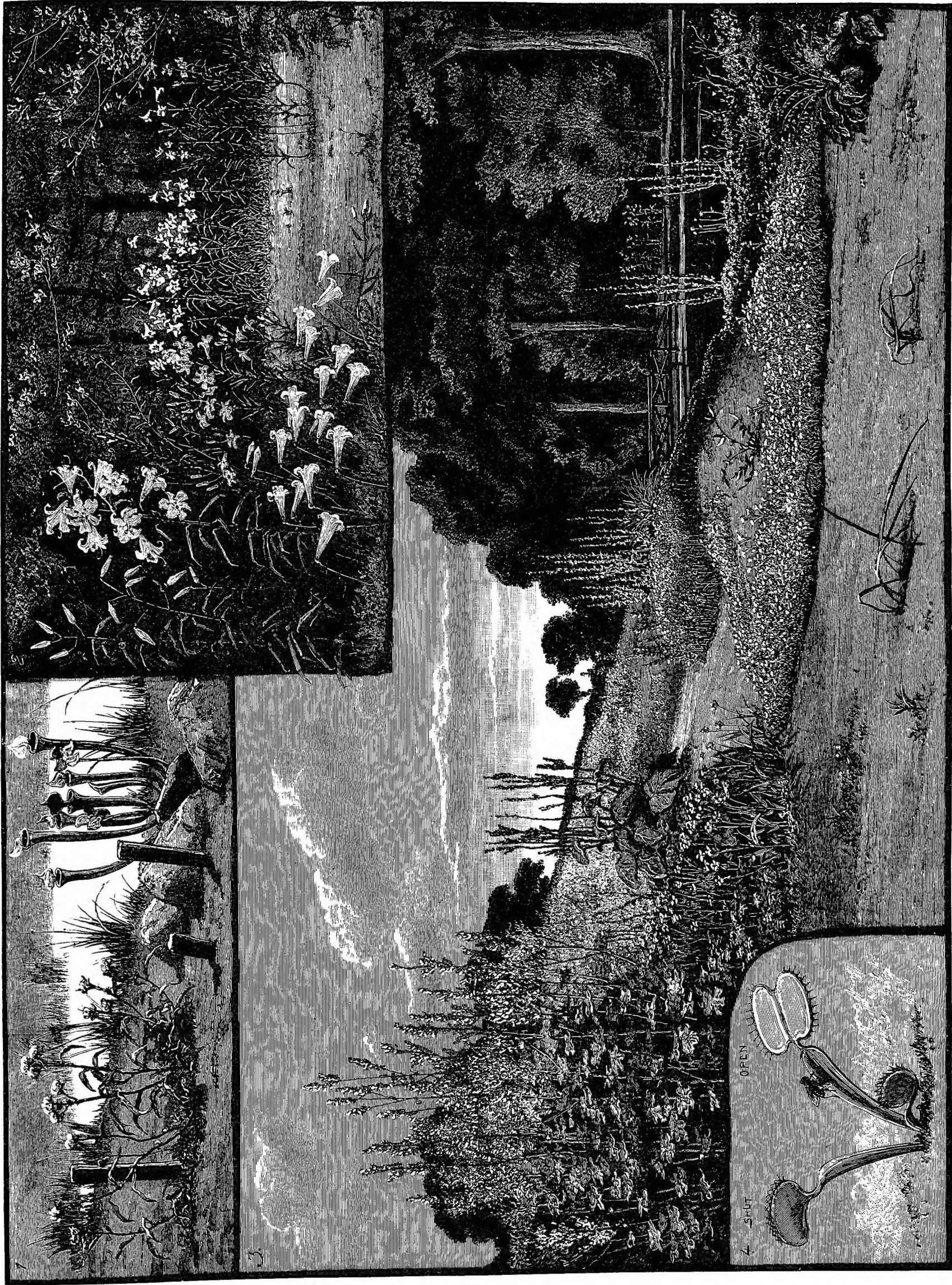


THE CHURCH FROM THE RIVER



THE CHANCEL, SHOWING SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB





1. The Efelweiss and the Sarracenia Drummondii (Pitcher Plant) 2. The Lilies in the Wood 3. General View of the Garden 4. Dionea Muscipula (Fly Catcher)  
A WILD GARDEN AT WEYBRIDGE



streak of a torrent still shows the effects of the morning shower. How quiet it all is! The sound of the oars in the rowlocks of the boat out yonder can be distinctly heard, and the leisurely movements of the horse and cart going down the road a quarter of a mile away are quite distinguishable. The driver is Alister. He is whistling now; the tune is "Haro Ma Nean." The last mists are leaving the mountain sides, and everything promises that this will be a hot day. Even the soft white clouds far up in the sky are every moment growing fainter, and already there is the thin shimmer of heat ascending from the dry stone dyke beside the road. The brambles on the other side of the dyke, grassy ditch show profuse clusters of bright red fruit, but there are no ripe berries to be seen—the children pluck them long before they are black. A small blue butterfly flickers across the road, and, rising at the dyke, is lost in a moment against the blue of the sky; while a silent humble-bee comes along, alights on the last empty bell of a seeded foxglove, and immediately tumbles out again disgusted, to continue his researches further on. Over the hedge there, on the other side of the road, the oats seem yellow enough to cut, and among them there are still in flower a few yellow Marguerites. The hill beyond is purple yet with the heather, although its full bloom is past. Here and there plants of it are flowering close to the dyke by the roadside. It is the small sort, the kind the bees frequent, for they can get into it,—the bell heather flowers earlier, and is over now. Yonder is the ferry boat coming back from Lismore, where the party of artists who are staying at the inn have gone to sketch; the boatman is heading towards the south, for the tide is running in strongly there through the narrows, up Loch Linnhe. The slate roof of Lady Elphinstone's house beyond on the island is flashing in the sunlight like a crystal.

But here is our boat; she is already afloat, the mainsail and jib are hoisted, there is just enough wind to carry her against the tide, and Appin and Castle Stalker, the ruined stronghold of the Stewarts of that ilk, are slowly hidden by the point behind. On the right is the green island of Lismore, low lying and fertile, with but a few houses visible upon it, while beyond and over it tower the dark mountains of Morvern. To the south in the offing lie the islands of Fasdale and Luine, famous for their slates. The faint screaming and splashing of the gulls and sea-swallows far out yonder over some shoal of fishes comes across the water, and the voice of the man on the yacht at anchor in the bay to the left is distinctly heard. Down we drift, past the Black Isle, to the narrows of Eriska. The tide is still running in towards Loch Creran, and the passage, which otherwise would have been difficult among the eddies and currents, is easily and quickly made. We are inside now, however, and as the air is very warm, and there is a pleasant little bay with a sandy beach close at hand on Eriska, there could be no better opportunity for a bathe. No sooner said than done. The boat is anchored a little way from the beach, where the sandy bottom can be seen through the clear green water some few fathoms below, and one after another enjoys a header from the bow, or slips gently over the stern. How very pleasant and how utterly secluded is the spot; not even the crack of a gamekeeper's fowling-piece is to be heard on shore. But what is this—that jig-jig-jigging of engines? A small steam yacht is coming into the loch, and—gracious goodness! there are ladies on board. To cover, all three, behind the boat, hang on by the gunwale, and trust in Providence to keep the yacht at a respectable distance. One has no ambition at such moments to court the suffrages even of the most delectable society. But the danger is past, and though the fair ones on deck did smile at the phenomenal movements of our boat, and the ominous absence of occupants, who is a whit the worse? They will laugh with us rather than at us should we meet.

The breeze has freshened a little now, and will be enough to carry us up the loch amongst the currents and against the outflowing tide. Yonder is the ferry-boat crossing from Shian. It has a wagonette and horses on board, and the long sweeps carry it over but slowly. The long low island running out from Shian protects the ferry for the greater part of the way from the current. The island, with its few stunted bushes, is seldom visited, and is a favourite haunt of the graceful sea-swallows. Two months ago every grassy ledge upon its sides would have its couple of sea-swallows' eggs. See yonder, just beyond the rocky point, swimming quietly about, with watchful, intelligent eyes, there is the black head of a seal. Ah, he has gone; the flapping sail has frightened him.

As the boat gets round the end of Craigaillach, on the low neck of land across which the road winds from Connal, the ruin of the ancient castle of Barcaldine comes into sight. In the days of which Sir Walter Scott speaks in his "Lord of the Isles," when against the Bruce in Ardmorish castle "Barcaldine's arm was high in air," there was scantier cultivation around that black stronghold. Now, however, as William Freeland puts it—

The freebooters, reiving and killing,  
No longer swoop down from their glens,  
But delve by the loathie and shieling,  
Or shepherd their flocks on the bens.

The mountains in front seem to rise higher as we approach, and to cast a deeper silence on the narrowing water and motionless woods at their base. Barcaldine House, as secluded and delightful a spot as any in the Highlands, with its old-fashioned gardens and vineries, is hidden among these woods. Far up on the purple hillside yonder is a lonely burying place. A stone dyke guards the little enclosure of quiet graves. The spot is visible for many a mile around, and its presence ever in sight must have a tender and solemn effect in keeping alive the memory of the dead. Every day, as the crofter toils in his little field or takes the hill with his dogs, his eyes will turn to it, and he will think of the wife and child who lie in that still and peaceful place, asleep under the calm sunshine and among the heather. Only sometimes will it be hidden—when the soft, white, trailing mists come down and weep their gentle tears upon the spot. Directly in front, away beyond and above the other mountains, towers Ben Cruachan, a monarch among the peers. Here, on the shore of the loch is the long, low-roofed cottage, half covered a month ago with crimson-tropical, and half smothered among its roses, where lives the author of the humorous and valuable "Notes from Benderloch." But here is our destination. Let down the mainsail, let go the jib, and we will run ashore. It is not yet noon, and there are many hours before us to spend in the beautiful Barcaldine woods. G. T. E.



MESSRS. SCHOTT AND Co.—Very graceful and effective for a mezzo-soprano is "Wild Flowers," a song with an obbligato *ad lib.*, written and composed by L. Debenham and Odoardo Barri.—Of more than ordinary interest are "Minituren, IX. Kleine Stücke," for the pianoforte, by Carl von Weber; there is a daintiness about these brief pieces which cannot fail to please.—"Gavotte de la Princesse," par A. Czibulka, is a bright and original specimen of its school.—Ten "Morceaux Caractéristiques" of G. Göltermann's have been transcribed for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by A. Pollitzer, who has executed his task with much taste and skill.—Under the somewhat singular title of "Souvenir de

Didlington," Guido Papini has composed two charming *morceaux de salon*, for violin and pianoforte: No. 1 is "Nuit Etoilée;" No. 2, "Sous les Lilas."—For young students, two fairly easy pianoforte pieces, by H. Kowalski, will prove very attractive, not only on account of their musical merit, but also for their quaint frontispieces: the one is "Il Etait Une Fois;" the other "Kermesse Bretonne."

MESSRS. AUGENER AND Co.—From hence comes a budget of excellent music, fourteen little volumes in their neat grey covers, touched up with blue. Very useful for vocal students are: Twenty-six "Mélodies Vocalises," for contralto, bass, or baritone, the distinguishing feature of this work is the simplicity of the exercises, which are selected and arranged by the eminent teacher and musician B. Lütgen, and contain fragments from the works of well-known composers, ancient and modern.—Equally to be commended are twelve two-part songs for treble voices, by F. Abt, entitled "Buds and Blossoms."—A set of pianoforte duets by A. Loeschhorn, entitled "Feuilles d'Album," are at the same time easy, melodious, and well written.—Very brilliant and showy is a duet for the pianoforte, "Tarantelle Italienne," by Leon d'Ourville.—Herr Pauer has done well for the young people of the day by editing "Twenty-Four Melodious Pieces," by Bertini, each one of which is graceful, and well worthy of its name.—A trifle more difficult than the above, but highly to be commended are "IV. Clavierstücke," by Max Brauer (Op. 10).—The same may be said of "Loeschhorn's Album XX. Melodiose Tonbilder" for the pianoforte, and "Consolations," by F. Liszt.—For concerted music we have two numbers, each containing six "Airs Nationaux," arranged by Sebastian Lee, for violoncello and pianoforte; this series will prove interesting both to executants and audience.—F. R. Hermann has composed a complete series of "Special Studies for the Violin" in three numbers, each book containing twenty-five studies.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very well-written Anthem for tenor, solo, and chorus, suitable for Whitsun-Day or general use is, "O Give Me the Comfort of Thy Help Again," words from the 51st Psalm, music by Edward S. Cranston; this anthem is simple but good, and well worthy the attention of small choirs (Messrs. James Smith and Son).—Little folks will be delighted with a very elaborately got up book, entitled "Carols of Cradleland," six songs for children. The illustrations by E. F. Manning are veritable works of art, and will prove the most attractive part of the volume, at all events for the juveniles. The music, by Leonhard Emil Bach, is clever, in fact too clever for the words by Horace Lennard, the former would be appreciated only by learned folks, the latter are intended for nursery musicians (Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—Of three songs composed by Henry Klein, "Which Would You Be, Dear," is by far the prettiest, and will no doubt be often heard and admired, this and many seasons to come, the truly poetical words are by "Oonagh." By the same writer are the words of "It Is Not Home Without Thee," which are of a commonplace type. "Away! Away!" is a fairly good song of medium compass, words by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson (Henry Klein).—"Sheltered," written and composed by Kate Ladbroke and F. C. Atkinson, is a song with an elaborate accompaniment, quite a pianoforte piece, and with a simplified edition of the same; the latter is quite a mistake (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).

## A CLIMB UP CARRANTUOL:

IRELAND'S MOUNTAIN KING

Few visitors to the charming lakes of Killarney take the trouble to ascend Carrantuol, the King of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and the highest mountain in Ireland. And this is not surprising; for the distance from Killarney town to the top of Carran is a good fifteen miles; and, unless a tourist finds accommodation in a farm-house, he will have to do all the thirty miles in the twelve hours of his working day. But those who know Carran cannot but appreciate him. Not only is he a mountain possessed of a very remarkable individuality; but the view from the summit is extensive and exhilarating, and the tourist with a jaded appetite may get a very legitimate thrill out of the fifteen-hundred feet precipice which falls sheer from the top.

The writer made his ascent one bright June morning from Lord Brandon's cottage, near the head of the Gap of Dunloe. From this starting-place the distance to Carran is not more than four miles; though the miles are good ones. A merry grig of a girl consented to guide him. She had lived most of her life hitherto barefooted; but now, out of deference to the mountain, or the Telemachus to whom she was tethered, she donned a pair of stockings and a pair of shoes. Then, grasping from the hands of her father the oaken stick he offered her (with a look of paternal pride on his leathery old face), the girl grinned a challenge towards her companion, and bade him follow her lead. A little farther, and the small children of the isolated schoolhouse in the mountain valley all turned out of the school tumultuously, "to see the English gentleman," and to exchange witty comments and criticisms upon him with the unprincipled young columbine who had him in charge. But after the scholars came the schoolmaster, with wrath written on his face; and, in the twinkling of an eye, not a boy was to be seen outside the building.

For a while we proceeded as if about to penetrate into the heart of Cummeeduff Glen, or the Black Valley (as it is fitly called). This is a glen, five or six miles long, bounded on one side by the Reeks themselves, and on the other by lofty spurs of the main mountains. At its western end it is closed in by a wall of rock, over which tumbles a roaring cascade; and this water, on its way into the upper lake, runs through three spacious pools, which contribute good salmon to the inhabitants of the valley, at the cost of catching them. With thunder clouds in the sky, the Black Glen is as profoundly gloomy and terrifying as the strongest imagination could depict it.

But eventually leaving this valley we struck boldly up the flank of a mountain, where it forms the left buttress of the Gap of Dunloe looking north. The incline was severe; but peering at us from over the brow of the slope was the needle-peak of Drishana; and this served as encouragement by enchainning our admiration so that fatigue was forgotten. And soon we were in a sombre mountain recess, with a good-sized tarn, just ruffling its waters, in front of us. Hence Drishana rose sheer some eight or nine hundred feet. Speaking roughly, we were now in a basin of rock, open to the sky vertically, and on the side whence we had ascended to it. Naturally, therefore, we wondered where lay the upward outlet from this dark hole. But, with a grin of quite a new character, our guide enlightened us. She pointed with a lean brown finger to a white line upon the rock-wall west of us, whither we were quietly walking by the level shore of the tarn; and explained that this water-way was also our way. We had, in fact, a hand-over-hand climb before us, perhaps, four hundred feet; and our track lay in the bed of a waterfall, where it fell so directly as to hardly touch the rocks at all. This little piece of work was accomplished with closed teeth; the writer preceding his guide. And it was with genuine relief that we stood firmly upon our legs again at the summit, and could peer down the wall up which we had just come with a sense of pride as well as satisfaction.

But a new trial of nerve here awaited us: we were on the slope of a gigantic side of shale and rock-powder, across which it was necessary to move diagonally. Below us, to the left, the slope soon fell precipitously, and far, far down, on the margin of another tarn,

we could see cows no larger than cats. The material of this slope was so treacherous and yielding that for all the hour or more we spent in traversing it we were kept in a state of anxiety as to the stability of our next step, and the likelihood that it would be insecure, and entail our headlong fall towards the lake below. Our young lady, more at home, took off her shoes, and trod like one on her native soil; but for us, the splints and crystals of rock promised speedy discomfiture if we followed her example.

As we gradually rounded this wearying slope, constantly ascending, the glories of the Reeks became exposed to us. Black pinnacle after black pinnacle appeared, cut like cameos upon the blue sky behind them. And beyond, like an infinite sheet of silver, the Atlantic showed over the heads of lesser and more distant mountains.

Anon, we stood close to the summit of a hill which seemed the monarch of all. But it was not Carran. The King rose opposite to us, and a chasm divided us. "Down and up again!" cried our merry lass, whose spirits had increased with the oxygen in the air; and off she sped down the mossy slope, throwing her brown heels behind her. Happily we broke no bones in this mad gallop. We splashed into the vivid green of some ice-cold springs, stumbled now and then over a fox's lair, or half tripped in the tough sprig of a clump of heather; but the descent was made with phenomenal speed, and we were a little way up Carran's neck ere our pace abated.

Twenty minutes later, and we have the sea breeze full in our faces: we are on Carran's summit; not a cloud obstructs the view, and on all sides of us there is a prospect of almost bewildering beauty. "Hip, hip, hurrah!" shouts our young Amazon, throwing her arms and legs about like a dancing Dervish. And then she collapses upon a slab of rock, and falls to munching a gigantic sandwich which her prudent mother had bestowed upon her at the outset.

It is easier to write ten Oh's of admiration than to reproduce in words such a spectacle as this seen from Carran's top. Such an entrancing amalgam of blue sky, silver sea, and lakes, purple mountains, black recesses, and vivid green valleys! And then there is the human element shown by the town of Killarney, red mansions here, white ones there, and the coterie of mouse-coloured cabins which dot the valleys. North, some twenty miles away, Tralee Bay glitters, and looks like a tarn in the middle of mountains. West, north-west, and south-west are three parallels of mountain ranges, the peaks of all conceivable formations; and between them the blue inlets, wide as seas, of Dingle Bay, Kenmare River, and Bantry Bay. Two rocks at the mouth of Kenmare River, where it joins the sea, hold the gaze for a moment. And beyond the cliffs of Valentia Island, due west, the Atlantic is resplendent to the horizon. Seemingly close at our feet, though some eight miles distant, is a curious peninsula of sand two or three miles long, running from the northern side of Dingle Bay towards the southern, where it is almost met by a corresponding promontory. The bay east of these natural breakwaters is called Castlemaine Harbour. South-west of us again is a magnificent sweep of blue water, edged with pink sand; this is known as Ballinskelligs Bay; and near its eastern boundary is Derrynane, formerly the seat of Daniel O'Connell.

But, while looking afar, we are forgetful of what lies at our feet. Standing on the summit of Carran we are also standing at the head of a valley known as the Hog's Valley, from which the rocks rise sheer towards us, at least fifteen hundred feet. Carran's attendant mountains help to form this stupendous hole, their walls being as steep and almost as high as his main precipice. A stone may be cast straight down from the top into the sombre valley below. Here a weak head might readily "go round," and petition to be led away. And here, as if in mockery of our words, our little lass chooses to sit with her bare toes dangling over the abyss, while she bites her bread and pork with smiling composure.

Of the descent from Carran south east by the Devil's Ladder we need only say that it was toilsome. A continuous jumping from boulder to boulder, a continuous collapsing into ill-hid bogs, a continuous slipping into holes over which the moss and heather delighted to cast an insecure coverlet; and this for two hours or so, at an angle not so very far removed from a right angle, as it seemed to our long-suffering nerves and heated fancy! Such, in brief, was the descent from Ireland's highest mountain by way of the Devil's Ladder! And, at the end of the day's work, the merry grig of a girl laughed, and said she was not tired in the least!

C. E.

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There is a good deal to give pleasure in "Old Half-Hours on Odd Half-Sheets," by Granville Gordon (Veale, Chifferiel, and Co.), though it must be confessed that the little volume is unequal. A little more care would have been a great advantage to many of the verses, but the "Musings of an Old Sportsman" are excellent—written in the true vein, and reminding us, not disagreeably, of Whyte Melville, or Mr. Egerton Warburton. The American poems also are some of them good, and all distinguished by genuine feeling; and the parodies are fairly amusing. But, on the whole, we should advise the author to eschew comic verse for the future, and to give us some more of his capital hunting and sporting pieces.

It is, of course, a great temptation to beginners in verse-writing to copy, so far as in them lies, the style of the poet whom they most admire, and for their own amusement there is little or no fault to be found with the plan, provided the model be a worthy one. The result is, however, rather depressing in its effects on the reader, partly because nine out of ten of the young aspirants seem to have studied none of the great men of the past, and we really do not want feeble echoes of living singers when we can listen to their own true voices. There is no hesitation in saying that, if the Poet Laureate had never published "Maud" and "The Brook," we should have heard nothing of "Barley Belles," by Constance Mary Obbard (Kegan Paul); the manner is too obviously framed after those poems—for the matter, it is not of much interest. The miller's son runs away to sea because he might not marry the farmer's daughter, comes back, after five years, to find her in the church belfry, and probably gets locked in for the night, though the fact is not actually stated. As to the exact nature of the final catastrophe we have been able to arrive at no certainty. The attempts to imitate Lord Tennyson's domestic blank verse are at times disastrous, witness such lines as—

Where lived my own sweet Dorothy—her father,  
Farmer Deane, a goodly man, but proud;

or, yet again,—

Proud and stern, relentless, hard as flint.

Should Mrs. Obbard be tempted to write any more, we should advise her to eschew that most difficult of metres, blank verse; her lyrics, though never rising above a graceful mediocrity are, at times, fairly tuneful.





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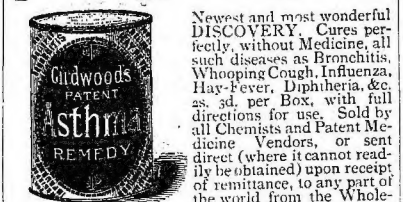
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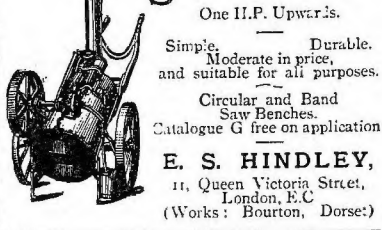
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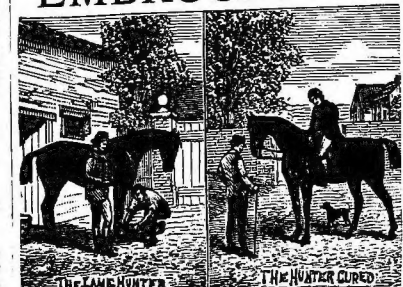
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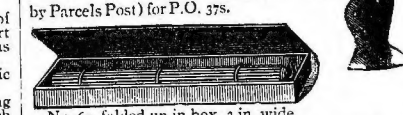


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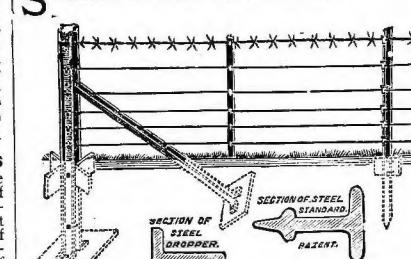
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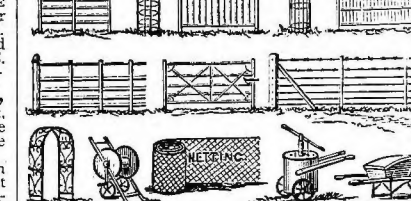
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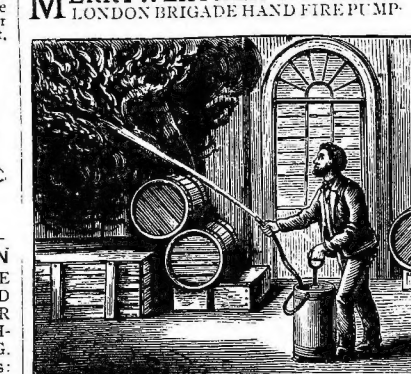
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